THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY EMLEN McCONNELL

THE GREAT BULL AND THE LITTLE BEARS

By Edwin Lefèvre and Paul Latzke

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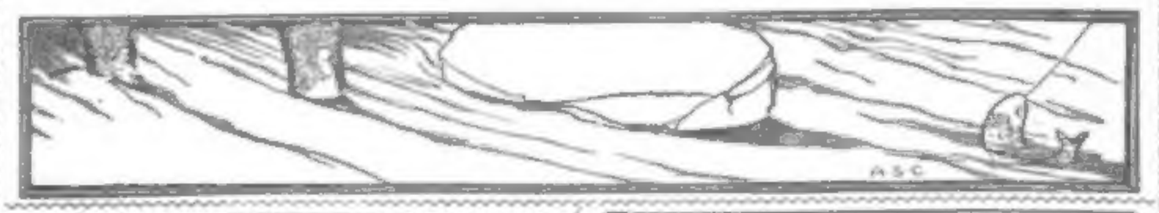

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THE GREAT BULL

The Man Who Rose With Cotton While All the Market Fell

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE

EXCHANGES were invented to facilitate the transaction of business. Without them, buyers would spend most of their time seeking sellers and sellers looking for buyers. They are labor-saving devices—logical, inevitable; to-day absolutely indispensable. The world's commerce has greatly expanded and the exchanges have helped it to expand, just as other machinery has increased, many fold, the productive capacity of manufacturing man.

The gamblers have misused the machinery of the exchanges to their own profit; but so has every other human institution been misused, by individuals. The Declaration of Independence was signed by men all of whom loved freedom and some of whom loved slaves. Moreover, the speculator has his proper place and value in the business economy, though it is arrant nonsense to assert that the gambling element dominates the exchanges to the detriment of legitimate business. Gambling, to be sure, is the universal passion. It always has been and always will be, because uncertainty leads to gambling and to the taking of chances; and life and everything pertaining to life is uncertain. There is a distinction between blind gambling and intelligent speculation, but after all, it is a distinction which is variously definable, according to circumstances, temperament and the point of view. From the moment a man is born he takes chances, whether he will or not, and he keeps it up to the last, in religion, in politics, in business, in love and even with his immortal soul.

In so far as a man's gambling affects a limited number of fellow-gamblers, no great harm is done. It deserves condemnation, as all things that do not make for the moral elevation of man deserve it. If thieves stole only from other thieves they would be doing wrong; but the rest of us would be better off—selfish but true. So, if a man speculated in diamonds, he might not be a benefactor of the race but neither would he harm it. But when he speculates in staples, products necessary to the everyday life of mankind, something beside the abstract ethics of gambling is involved. At the moment, the speculation in cotton is felt throughout the world. The Southern planter has no reason to grumble at the operations of Mr. Theodore Price or Mr. Daniel J. Sully or Mr. William P. Brown, who have caused the price to rise. But the millworkers of New England, and of old England, too, who are confronted by a stoppage of work by reason of that rise in the speculative market—what shall they say? To be sure, the buyers and weavers of cotton fabrics will not suffer great hardships if they have to pay fifteen per cent. more for goods. But, what has been done in cotton is possible in wheat, which is a more serious matter. One cannot help wondering if it is modern civilization which makes it possible for one man, in the course of a speculative campaign, so vitally to affect the welfare of another important industry, and in so doing to affect the welfare of other important departments of commerce and finance and the material welfare of thousands of persons. Equally interesting is the question: How is it possible for a man like Brown, no immature youth, practically unknown to all but a few of his fellow-townsmen, to achieve international fame, a great figure, in the course of a few months?

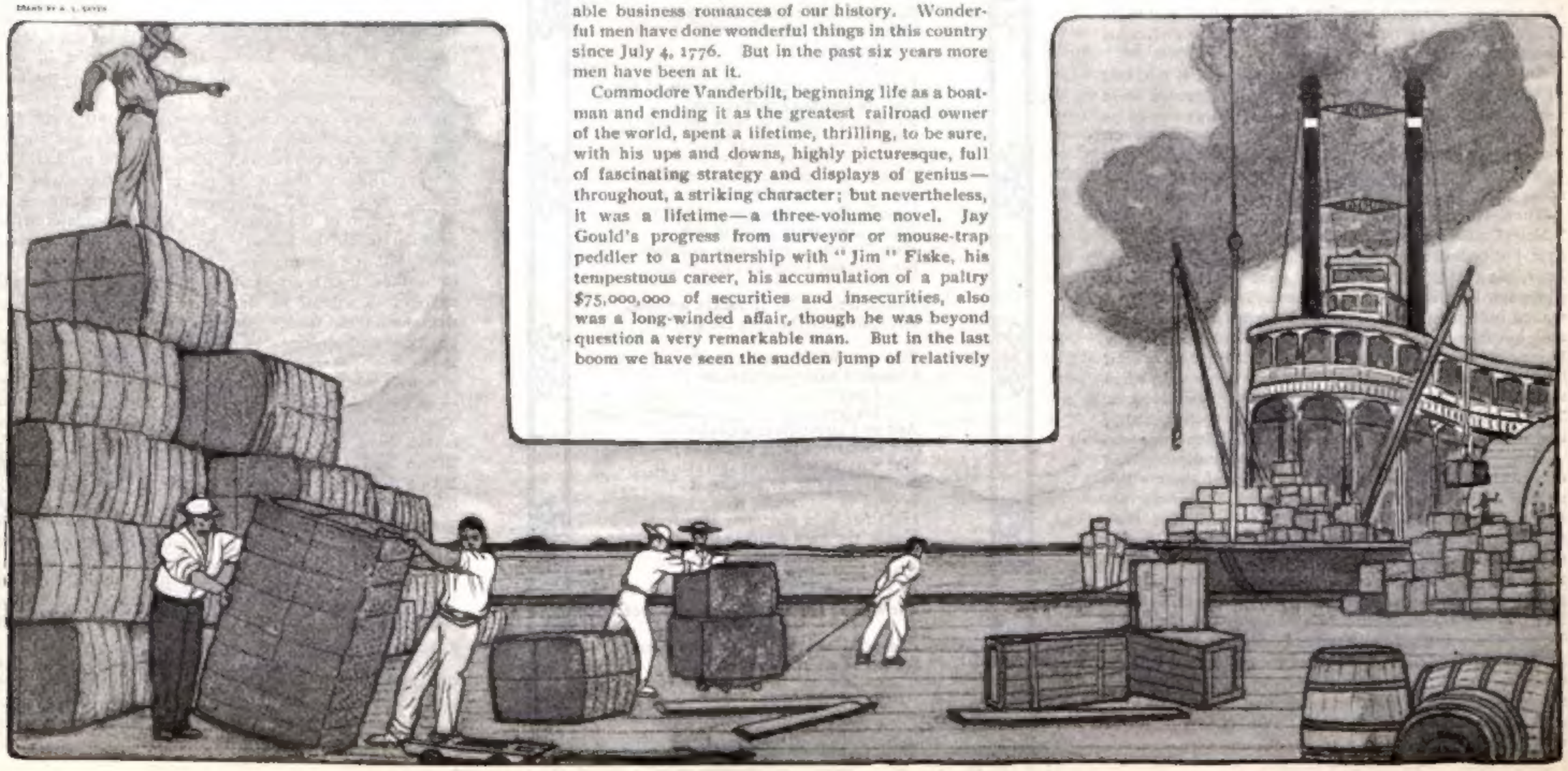
Now his fame-winning is of the day and hour. This is the country of great surprises because it is very young, and of great contrasts because it is American. The historical novelists of the twenty-first century will find rich "material" in the great romances of business at the beginning of the twentieth. We of to-day don't see the romance; they will.

It is noteworthy that Americanism is not sectional. During the boom in business—the industrial as well as the stock-market boom—which began immediately upon the first election of William McKinley to the Presidency of the United States, we have had the most remarkable business romances of our history. Wonderful men have done wonderful things in this country since July 4, 1776. But in the past six years more men have been at it.

Commodore Vanderbilt, beginning life as a boatman and ending it as the greatest railroad owner of the world, spent a lifetime, thrilling, to be sure, with his ups and downs, highly picturesque, full of fascinating strategy and displays of genius—throughout, a striking character; but nevertheless, it was a lifetime—a three-volume novel. Jay Gould's progress from surveyor or mouse-trap peddler to a partnership with "Jim" Fiske, his tempestuous career, his accumulation of a paltry $75,000,000 of securities and insecurities, also was a long-winded affair, though he was beyond question a very remarkable man. But in the last boom we have seen the sudden jump of relatively obscure men to great eminence It was for all the world like Napoleon before and after the Italian campaign—like U. S. Grant in 1861 and three short years afterward.

The boom did not "make" these men. It merely made them rich. They "had it in them" all the time. They might have lived unknown to their fellows, like the thousands of other able men in this country, mute inglorious Miltons to the last, with their potentialities unrealized and their promise unfulfilled. But their opportunity came and they seized it. Take men like Daniel G. Reid and William B. Leeds, a country banker and manufacturer the one, and a railroad superintendent and manufacturer the other—both pioneers in the still very young tin-plate industry of this country. In two years they have risen to be among the great millionaires of this country of very rich men; and they are only forty-five years old to-day. The stock boom helped them and their associate, W. H. Moore, to make $100,000,000 in perhaps twenty months.

Gamblers? Then it was also gambling that made them successful manufacturers, able promoters, remarkable managers and to-day principal owners of a railway system which they have developed in two years from 3500 miles to 14,000—and they have not stopped. Only, they are Americans and, to boot, Western. They measure time not by the year but by the hour. These are but two men out of a dozen who have risen like a rocket and have not come down because they are American, venturesome as the most, tenacious, clear-headed, forceful, full of resourcefulness. And the beauty of it all is that these business generals come from all parts of the country. To mention some of them at random—Gates is from Illinois, Reid and Leeds are Hoosiers, the Guggenheims came from Philadelphia, Harriman is a New Yorker, and W. P. Brown is a Mississippian. Theirs are romantic lives, essentially and distinctively American in that success came to them from the possession of traits that are seldom possessed in combination save by Americans. They had the good luck to live in a country of stupendous opportunities and magnificent rewards.



The history of the bull speculation in cotton of 1903 will never be fully written, because, though the men who influenced it are very interesting, their operations are interwoven with bloodless statistics and tiresome technicalities. The losses of the bears, the gamblers who thought prices should fall, have been enormous, and the entire affair, to them, has been a veritable epic—of disaster! The profits of the bulls, who believed in the rise and acted accordingly, have been fabulous. In the early dawn of history men fought for bare existence; as they became more civilized they fought for luxuries, life against life, with comfort for the reward. Later, as they became more complex, they fought for military power—so romantic!—as they now fight for commercial or financial power—so prosaic! It is dollar against dollar and, to the winner, more dollars, more power, more comforts. That is what has been happening in the cotton market.

Theodore H. Price was the first newspaper king of the cotton-pit this year. He is still a young man, and is acknowledged even by his enemies to be a very brilliant man. This is not his first venture in cotton. He dragged his house—a rich concern, Price, McCormick and Company—down to bankruptcy some years ago because of an unsuccessful "plunge" in cotton. His position was correct enough, but the task was beyond his resources. But he had organized a system for securing accurate information of actual crop conditions and supplies, and he had intelligent correspondents in every region. Last fall, he concluded that the conditions justified higher prices. He was concerned primarily with the speculative market; he bought not the cotton itself, but January contracts. He was right. His buying put up the January option and he had that month practically cornered, and as prices rose his paper fortune rose with them. He was bold; he plunged successfully and, it may be added, intelligently enough. But the deal was too vast for him to swing. People who had contracted to deliver cotton to him in January, instead of settling with him, began to deliver the cotton itself. He had to sell. McFadden, of Philadelphia, sells and buys cotton. He took part of the load off of Price's shoulders, and some of Price's profits went with it. Later, when prices continued to soar, it is understood that Price fought against the upward movement. If he did, he fared ill. But it is enough that when McFadden stepped in Price stepped out.

Enter Daniel J. Sully. Mr. Sully was connected with cotton-mills in New England, for which he had purchased cotton in the South. He saw that the actual conditions justified higher prices. He made some friends see it, also. They bought and bought, and the price rose on their buying. Veteran speculators thought they would teach the newcomers a lesson, but the newcomers continued to buy and the price continued to rise. Sully's luck was phenomenal. It became proverbial. He would accumulate a load that was perilous. Just when the veterans thought a fall was imminent that would bring discomfiture to Sully, Providence would come to his aid and, before the first jubilant shout of the bears had died away reports would come that the crop was damaged by awful weather. And the bears would step up and settle. He, too, was obliged to take an enormous amount of cotton. People from whom he had bought contracts began to deliver actual cotton to him. For him to take it all required an enormous amount of cash.

Sully didn't want the actual cotton, and he, too, had to get help. McFadden helped. Sully's profits were not so great as they at one time bade fair to be or as they would surely have been had he possessed enough money to carry the deal through to the end unaided. It was Price's case over again. They both made handsome profits, but neither was completely successful.

Then, when everybody expected cotton to break, the "New Orleans crowd" came in, not spectacularly at first, but because they bought much cotton—July and, later, August contracts—they were at once called plungers, lunatics, dangerous men. The New York set waxed indignant and called Brown names. But Brown and his friends, as a matter of fact, had been steady buyers of cotton for months. They did not wait until the price had risen unprecedentedly; they bought when nobody else wanted to buy, some time last October. They had bought before Price did, and before Sully, and they kept on buying after Sully and Price stopped.

New York speculators, to show that they disapproved of Brown and his allies and the friends of their allies and of New Orleans in general, sold Brown all the cotton they thought Brown could take—and then they sold him cotton they thought he could not take. Brown took it all. Wild days those were, of record-breaking transactions and sensational fluctuations. Frenzied gamblers were endeavoring to crush the life out of the New Orleans man with an avalanche of 500-pound bales. They hurled thousands of bales at him, in the pit; they offered tens of thousands of bales, and Brown, up from New Orleans for a few days—this man who three years ago had nothing but brains and a record for square dealings and integrity—took it all; a spectacular figure because he was the one calm man in the howling mob, impassively taking 5000 or 10,000 bales with the same gesture of the forefinger that he used when he merely bought hundreds. And when the sellers paused, tired, dazed, fearful, he kept on, quietly, with an almost stagey coolness, bidding for more—this Southerner who was carrying on a deal that is, to date, probably the greatest ever witnessed in the cotton market. He wanted all the cotton anybody had to sell or wished to sell. He was buying July contracts. As the time came to deliver, many shorts "settled" with Brown. Others, however, thought the price would break when he had to take the actual cotton—but he did not have to get McFadden's help. He took the cotton. To deliver cotton to Brown—the quotation was a fraction above thirteen cents a pound and there are 500 pounds to the bale, and the trading was in scores of thousands of bales—the shorts rummaged the world to find it. They rushed it to New York on special trains from the South; they bought it in England and brought it over on fast steamers. One of the French liners had taken several hundreds of bales to Havre; but the cotton never left the ship, for the owners found it more profitable to sell it to the New York shorts who had to deliver it to Mr. Brown or "settle." And Brown took it and paid for it.

There is no question that if much money has been made, enormous sums also have been lost. Hundreds of people expected Brown to collapse; they bet on it by selling cotton short, and they lost. Their losses are incredible to an outsider.

Now, Brown is not alone. Other New Orleans men are believers strong as he in the logic of higher cotton prices. The principal bulls, the leaders of the campaign for the rise, are: W. P. Brown and Company, Vincent and Hayne, and Mason Smith and Company. Brown is from Mississippi, Hayne and Smith are North Carolinians. The "crowd" are thus Southerners.

Their campaign differs from those of Price and Sully in that it has been conducted in a systematic and businesslike manner. It is the result of careful study, though it has been as dashing as a cavalry charge. All of them are men who for years have been engaged in the legitimate business of buying and selling cotton rather than speculating in "contracts." They are among the largest exporters of cotton in this country and they sell to manufacturers the world over. They have long done an enormous "free-on-board" business. They have bought cotton from the planters direct, shipped it to New Orleans, and from there placed it on board steamers and sent it to Liverpool, to Havre, to Antwerp, to Hamburg, or forwarded it to the New England mills.

They know, from first to last, absolutely all about cotton: how it is grown, and where and by whom, and the quality each section produces and the quantity; and who buy it and how much they buy; and when and how they buy and what they do with it after they buy it; and how much some people know about cotton and how much a great many others don't know. They are in the cotton-buying and selling business—the actual cotton, remember. Men like Brown and Hayne don't make cotton sell in the Cotton Exchange at one cent a pound less than it costs to produce it, as bear speculators have done; and yet it is the bear speculators, chiefly, who call Brown and Hayne dangerous madmen and mere gamblers.

There is no intention to make this article an apology for the "New Orleans crowd"; but it is only justice to record that they are business men of high standing in their own city. They are directors and officers of banks, members and presidents of the principal social clubs in New Orleans; identified with local enterprises, with the railroads and manufactories. But they have been made to appear as desperate plungers, flamboyant speculators. The newspaper reporters, always looking for the sensational or the picturesque, picture them as steel-nerved gamblers, because steel-nerved gamblers playing for high stakes appeal to the mob. In the point of fact, the truth is every whit as picturesque and interesting.

For a long time Mr. Brown, like Mr. Hayne, has believed that cotton has sold too low. Brown's steadfast contention is that the consumption of cotton has not advanced proportionately. These men have been "bulls" on cotton for the last two or three years. Last October they began to buy and hold. They accumulated considerable before Price became an aggressive bull or Sully had been heard of. Others made their "turn" in the market; they pursued the tenor of their way, seeing farther ahead than the rest.

Take July cotton, which sold on the Exchange well above thirteen cents. The price held strong to the end. Brown had a great deal of cotton delivered to him, and he took it. The load did not crush him, as his opponents had hoped. He and his friends have made much money off their operations on 'Change. But they have a great deal of actual cotton to sell—not to other speculators but to manufacturers. How will they fare? The uncertainty and the visions of disaster would bring insomnia to the average man. But these men figured that out of the total visible supply of cotton in this country, amounting to about 800,000 bales on the last day of July, perhaps only 150,000 are available for manufacture. Now, the average consumption of this country is about 80,000 bales a week, and six weeks must elapse before the new crop began to come into the market. If the consumption should be cut in half, there was not enough to go round. Allowing for a consumption of only a fourth of the average, the New Orleans crowd's position would be sound. Some mills have stopped work, but it is an expensive thing to do; it means loss of business that is not easily recovered, and mills would rather lose a little on their manufacturing operations than lose their trade. But the New Orleans crowd's position and chances of final success are made the stronger by the fact that their actual cotton was bought at a price which the mills would be only too glad to pay—an average of not more than nine and one-half cents. The New Orleans men are not compelling mills to buy cotton from them, or to pay the price which W. P. Brown and Company and Vincent and Hayne, and Mason Smith and Company thought it was proper that the shorts in the pit—the gamblers who had called them gamblers—should pay. They make no secret of the fact that they still have cotton for sale and insist that they have sold much of what they held.

There you have the situation in a nutshell. The interest lies in the fact that Brown and his friends have had the commercial courage which makes business generals.

To be sure, Brown and his friends have not yet "cashed in." But Brown was a relatively poor man three years ago and a relatively unknown man three months ago. To-day he is neither, and he is still young.

The Bubbleflies

By Edmund Vance Cooke

Let me read a homily
Concerning an anomaly
I view
In You.
Whatever you are striving for,
Whatever you are driving for,
'Tis not alone because you crave
To be successful that you slave
To swim upon the topmost wave.
You care less what your station is,
But more what your relation is.
To be a bit above the rest!
To be upon or of the crest!
Ah! that is where the trouble lies
Which stirs you little bubble-flies.

(I sneer these sneers, but just the same
I keep my fingers in the game.)

See! you have eat-and-drinkables
And portables and thinkables
And yet
You fret.
For what? Let's reach the heart of you
And see the funny part of you.
For what? I find the soul and seed
Of it is not your lack or need,
Or even merely vulgar greed.
Gold? You may have a store of it,
But—some one else has more of it.
Fame? Pretty things are said of you,
But—some one is ahead of you.
Place? You disprize your easy one
For some one's high and breezy one.

(I smile these smiles to soothe my soul,
But squint one eye upon the goal.)

Tell me! What's your capacity
Compared with your voracity?
I guess
'Tis *less*.
And so I strike these attitudes
And tender you these platitudes;—
Not wishing wealth, or spurning it,
Not hoarding it, or burning it
Is equal to the earning it.
Life's race is in the riding it,
Not in the word deciding it.
If half a pint will measure you,
A hogshead will not pleasure you;
And after all is said and uttered,
The keenest taste is bread-and-buttered.

(And yet—and yet—my palate aches
For pallid pie and pasty cakes!)

THE LITTLE BEARS

With One Accord They All Bow Down at the Word of Command, but the Country Will No Longer Join in the Game With Them

By PAUL LATZKE

THE country has recently gained its independence of New York. Wall Street no longer concerns the people who produce things, at least not intimately, certainly not vitally. This was first made plain in the great Northern Pacific panic two years ago, when the country swung along without a break though Wall Street lay prostrate. It has been nailed down by the events of the last two months in "the street." Panic and bankruptcy, six failures in the heart of the financial district with liabilities aggregating over $20,000,000, a shrinkage of paper values amounting to something like four thousand million dollars, everybody in and around the street scared stiff, the leaders cast down and out, the lambs running so fast you can't see the twinkling of their legs, the poor brokers not making enough for cab fares—here was a condition, if ever, to throw the country into spasms, to paralyze industry, to spread wreck and ruin everywhere. Instead, the cataclysm is hardly felt outside—except in the newspaper offices, where it makes good copy. The workers give only a passing glance to the story and then go on with their planting and harvesting, with their brick-laying and boot-making, with their steel-making and their cotton spinning. It is true enough that New York is the barometer of the country even now. But the country is no longer the barometer of New York. It does not respond at all seriously to the conditions existing in the Metropolis. Bad crops, idle factories and general hard times in the country spell ruin fast enough for Manhattan Island, and will always do so, but paper panics in New York no longer influence the welfare of the 75,000,000 people outside. This has been conclusively shown by the quiver that has just passed, that shook New York until its teeth rattled, but left the workers of the land and the real business practically unaffected. And every right-minded man should rejoice at that, and no doubt does. New York itself, the real New York, the New York that works, is not wholly displeased. One thing consoles it. Like the rest of the country, the producers in New York have not been closely affected by the smash in Wall Street. The factories and workshops in the Metropolis have been as busy right along as those in other parts of the United States. And as New York is one of the largest manufacturing centres this means much to the city. In its ordinary walks of life New York moved along smoothly enough through all the Wall Street hurly-burly. The great building strike from which it suffered affected a far greater number of its inhabitants than the "financial mêlée."

What Happens When the Lambs Take Fright

BUT the effect of the Wall Street tumble was much more spectacular. It centred about the places that the newspapers love to write about—the Waldorf, Delmonico's, the Stock Exchange; about John D. Rockefeller, James R. Keene, J. P. Morgan, John W. Gates, W. C. Whitney, E. H. Harriman, and all the other "Money Kings." Then, too, the "high rollers," one and all, the little ones as well as the big ones, were paralyzed. The pop of the champagne bottle was stilled. It is asserted by the wine-importing houses that their consumption on Manhattan Island has been cut down fully fifty per cent. during the past two months. And that tells the whole story. The roistering, reckless, money-spending element has been hard hit, and the circle depending on them has suffered correspondingly. There are probably five thousand men directly connected with Wall Street as brokers, members of brokerage firms, and the like. These lead a large army of retainers, ranging well beyond a hundred thousand. In flush times the brokers spend money like water. It is with them sure enough, easy come, easy go. Town houses, country seats, race horses, automobiles, yachts, dinners, Saratoga, Newport, everything belongs to the Merry Men of Wall Street while the lambs hold out. When the lambs suddenly take flight and remain away, as they have for months, the brokers grow frantic and their retainers ravenous. The circle affected runs well uptown. The Fifth Avenue shops, the big jewelry stores, the new, fashionable restaurants, the carriage and automobile makers, the hatters and milliners and all the fancy trades, feel the pinch of what they consider genuine hard times. The brokers use the street cars and drink whisky and water, they wear their last year's clothes, and retrench in other ways that bring woe to the caterers. The horsey element probably feels the effect most of all. Attendance at the races may not fall off at a great rate, but the betting ring is fearfully hit.

There is no doubt that in times past, and only very recently, the New York Stock Exchange was a factor, and in some respects the main factor, in bringing about good times or bad. While the farms were blanketed with mortgages, the factories running on long time credit, the railroads operating at a loss, the people had to sue at the feet of New York for loans. And the Stock Exchange, which made or unmade the prices of the securities the people had to offer, as security, was the greatest power in the land. But when the farmers paid off their mortgages, the merchants discounted their bills, the factories worked overtime and the railroads made money, the power of the Stock Exchange fell away. It has probably been gone for years, ever since the long continued era of prosperity we are now enjoying set in. But nobody woke up to the fact until the great panic of 1901 failed to upset conditions in the country. Even then it was too good to believe. It required the experience of the panic just passed to bring the lesson really home that the country is at last independent of the offices that lie in the shadow of Trinity Church.

That it is to be a substantial and lasting independence any one may see who studies the facts on which it is based. We are making two blades of grass grow where formerly we grew but one—and this literally. For a quarter of a century the Government has been active in the work of promoting scientific or practical farming. At first the experts were met with scoffing. They were "college dudes" and "gentlemen hog raisers." But they persevered, quietly but effectively. The country is finally reaping the results in great and profitable crops. These crops are not altogether the accidental things most people imagine, but the result of the continuous education of the farmer. The yield of corn to the acre has been largely increased because the farmer has been taught to buy his seed from growers who breed it as carefully as the stock raisers of the Blue Grass region breed their horses. Further, the farmer has been taught to "handle" his scientifically propagated seed after he gets it into the ground. The wheat farmer has been steadily drilled until he scorns the stuff his father used to plant, confining his seed to a few species that have been carefully tested, and that show milling qualities far better than the wheat that was harvested back in the seventies. And so with oats and the other grains—little is left to chance in these days.

How the Farmer Won His Independence

THE farmer now proceeds on principles as fixed as the chemist's. He knows his ground and the fertilizer best adapted to it. He knows his markets and is in constant touch with them through the general spread of the telephone and the services of the rural mail carrier. He knows when and where it is best to turn his corn into hogs and cattle instead of shipping it and wasting the profits in long hauls. He knows what his father never knew: to cherish his implements—to keep his rakes, reapers and binders under shelter, out of the rain and sun and dust. And the result:

Though the farming area has not increased proportionately, the farm products of the country have doubled. In 1890 the farmers of the country produced crops valued at $2,460,000,000. In 1900 crops were valued at $4,739,000,000, an increase of $2,279,000,000. The value of farm land improvements and buildings in 1890 was $13,279,000,000. In 1900 it was $16,674,000,000, an increase of $3,395,000,000. In 1890 the total value of machinery and implements owned by farmers was $494,000,000; in 1900 it was $761,000,000, an increase of $267,000,000. In 1890 the country owned live stock worth $2,309,000,000, as against $3,078,000,000 for 1900, an increase of $769,000,000. All these enormous increases have been capitalized. They have gone to add to the tangible wealth of the country. The farmer's income has been further increased by a reduction of freight rates amounting in some instances to more than fifty per cent.; and this reduction has come not at the expense of the transportation agencies but through the adoption of scientific methods of handling, so that the actual cost of transporting a bushel of wheat or corn to the seaboard has been cut in half. The last ten years have seen the beginning of this turn in the farmer's affairs. It is within that period that he has harvested to the full the advantages that came to him out of the Government experiments. But the real profit has come within the past five years, so suddenly that the people of the East are not yet fully awake to the changed conditions. As a consequence of this great prosperity the volume of bank deposits in the producing section of the country has increased so enormously that the West and South are now in a condition where they can finance many of their own projects without going to Wall Street, or anywhere else, to borrow.

A striking illustration of this is the enormous growth of the independent telephone companies throughout the Middle West and South. It is conservatively estimated that fully $200,000,000 has been invested in these companies, all of it found by local capitalists. Wall Street to this day does not know there is such a thing as an independent telephone industry.

Banks, conservative and well managed, have sprung up everywhere. Within the past three years the number of national banks alone has

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The Lady Noggs, Peeress

By Edgar Jepson

The Spoiled Advertisement

THE paternal Government of all the Russias by no means confines the exercise of its paternal instinct to its own countries. Whenever it perceives in another land a prominent, influential but lonely statesman, it drops in his path a pretty lady, perhaps out of mere kindliness of heart, in the hope of cheering him on his arduous way, perhaps from a praiseworthy desire for information. It has a passion for information, useful information.

Rumor says that it has played this little game, or rather performed this distinguished kindness, with conspicuous success and conspicuous ill-success in the case of English statesmen. But be that as it may, when it perceived the loneliness and influence of the Prime Minister it dropped a pretty lady in his distinctly primrose path; and the Lady Noggs came into contact with the Countess Karskovitch.

The Countess Karskovitch was pretty, fascinating and clever, too clever. She appealed at once to the sympathies of every intellectual sentimentalist she met; for she had contrived, like all the other Russian Countesses dispatched on these errands of kindliness by their paternal Government, to get born in Montmartre. She made the further appeal, and she made it often, of her loneliness; and it was a genuine appeal, for under no stress of circumstances is it conceivable that she could have produced the Russian Count whose name she bore.

She came into London Society by the South African entrance, under the golden wing of Sir Isaac Geltheimer, Bart. (£25,000), the mining financier, formerly of Hamburg, now of Park Lane. At his house she met the Prime Minister, who, in the interests of his party, dined there once a year. At that dinner she began the process of fascination which she afterward continued at the houses of many people who used her as a lever to raise themselves in the social scale; and in the end she was invited to make one of a house-party at Stonorill Castle, the Prime Minister's country seat.

The guests were gathered together at afternoon tea when the Lady Noggs entered the great hall with a quiet and stately decorum induced by the fact that her governess, Miss Cattermole, brought her, looking more like a child after Sir Joshua Reynolds than ever. Under the restraining eye of that capable young woman she greeted her friends by their proper titles and not by their more familiar nicknames of her own bestowing.

When she came near the Prime Minister, who was talking to the Countess Karskovitch, he called her to him and said, "Countess, this is my little niece."

In her extravagant foreign fashion the Countess held out both hands and cried, with every appearance of extreme joy, "So this is the wonderful Noggs! Oh, you delightful child! I am so pleased at last to meet you! I have heard tales—oh, of the most incredible—about you. We shall be great friends! Oh, great friends! We shall—we shall get into mischief together!"

The Lady Noggs looked at the face of the Countess with limpid, solemn eyes; she looked at her right hand carefully, and at her left hand with no less care; then she said, "My name is Lady Felicia Grandison. How do you do?" And dropped a deep, old-fashioned curtsey.

Two men turned their backs on the group with a simultaneous swift movement; all expression faded from the faces of three women: they stared at nothing with blank eyes.

The Countess shut her mouth with a snap; her eyes flashed; and she laughed a laugh which rang quite false: "Truly," she said with a shrug, "you English begin your coldness young."

The Prime Minister frowned upon the Lady Noggs; and then his accurate mind gave him trouble. He could not see which was the right thing—the gushing friendliness of the Countess, which showed so plainly a warm and impulsive heart, or the cold dignity of the Lady Noggs. After all, the Lady Noggs was the representative of one of the oldest English families, and she had a right to be coldly dignified if she liked.

"Felicia is not cold as a rule," he said hardly happily; and then he added quickly, "she is a child of moods."

The Lady Noggs looked at him with a puzzled air and moved to the tea-table.

"Ah," said the Countess plaintively, "we who are alone in the world are so sensitive to coldness." And she sighed.

The Prime Minister made all haste to comfort her.

The child's first instinctive dislike of the Countess did not abate, but rather increased, for her eyes were not too young to perceive her uncle's manifest infatuation for the charming creature. Above all, she resented the fact that for the first time he abandoned his custom of breakfasting alone with her and breakfasted with the rest of his guests. Formerly, no matter what guests were in the house, he had clung to the custom which he considered gave the child something of home life. This charming guest changed that; and the Lady Noggs

THE COUNTESS KARSKOVITCH WAS PRETTY, FASCINATING AND CLEVER, TOO CLEVER

grew even more jealous than resentful. She received all the overtures of the Countess with a repellent coldness, much to the relief of that charming creature, who would have been very ill at ease trying to play with a child.

Presently, however, the Lady Noggs began to display an open hostility. Miss Cattermole would not allow her to make disparaging remarks about a guest of her uncle; but Mr. Borrodaile, her uncle's Secretary, was given no choice in the matter—he had to listen to them. And he heard them with outward equanimity and inward approval; for though, since his chief was a radical, and therefore his social vagaries were some months filtering through the baser society papers to the ears of the bulk of his strenuous supporters, he reckoned so manifest an adventuress as the Countess likely to do him no little harm. But he awaited the development of events with disquiet, since he knew that with the Lady Noggs to dislike was to act, and he was sure that her small but active brain was plotting mischief.

This was true; but the Lady Noggs could not find her plan. Her wits did not lack stimulant, indeed: the more her uncle basked in the smiles of the Countess the more jealous she grew and the faster her brain worked. She dismissed the idea of a booby-trap, of an apple-pie bed and of a string across the stairs; events of this kind were not in the ordinary course of nature and would at once be ascribed to her human agency. Yet it must be admitted that the scheme which she finally evolved was not much better: the domestic mouse is not of a disposition so adventurous as to scale a dinner-table and conceal itself in a napkin.

Be that as it may, the Prime Minister's guests had seated themselves at table and were unfolding their napkins when the Countess dropped hers, sprang to her feet with a startling scream, stood holding on to the back of her chair gasping and fluttering, while a mouse detached itself from the dropped napkin and with great activity scurried into the bank of ferns which decorated the table. Since the Countess had sprung to her feet and screamed, all the other women sat quite still and set their teeth, though they were quivering with extravagant nervousness. They did not like the Countess and they did not like mice, but they liked the Countess less. The Duchess of Huddersfield even contrived to say quietly, "Oh, a little mouse."

The men sprang to their feet, with the sportsman's ardor gleaming in their eyes. The Marquis of Hartlepool and the Prime Minister supported the trembling Countess; the others poked about with their forks among the maiden-hair. Mr. Borrodaile saved the situation and the dinner-table; he made a pounce, extracted the mouse by the tail, bore it to an open window, and dropped it into the garden.

Each woman moved slightly in her chair with a carefully repressed sigh of relief; the Countess sank into hers saying, "My nerves, oh, my nerves! How brave you Englishwomen are! Stoics, true stoics!" And set about being interesting, with sudden shudders and starts of alarm, for the rest of the evening.

Every one began to suggest theories of how the mouse came to be in the napkin: at least not every one—those who knew the Lady Noggs put forward no theories—and the Prime Minister was frowning.

The next morning the Lady Noggs was summoned to his study before breakfast, and found him frowning still.

"Good-morning, Felicia," he said sternly. "Did you put that mouse in the Countess Karskovitch's napkin last night?"

The Lady Noggs glared at him defiantly and said curtly, "Yes."

"Dear, dear; what a naughty child you are!" cried the Prime Minister.

"I don't like her," said the Lady Noggs firmly.

"As if that was any reason for playing detestable tricks of this kind on any one! Especially on a guest staying in your house!" cried the Prime Minister.

"It isn't my house! I wouldn't have her in my house!" the Lady Noggs protested vehemently.

The Prime Minister was taken aback. "But—but—why do you dislike her so?" he said.

"She's a cat. That's why I gave her the mouse!" said the Lady Noggs.

"Really, I can't have this unreasonable behavior! I will not have you call your elders names and play these tricks on them! You will go to the Countess Karskovitch and tell her that you are very sorry you did it."

"I'm not sorry. I won't tell her I'm sorry."

The Prime Minister was at a loss. "I insist upon it," he said feebly.

But the Lady Noggs shook her head and repeated stubbornly, "I'm not sorry. I won't say I'm sorry."

"Well, then," said the Prime Minister, "I shall have to punish you. You will have all your meals in the nursery till the party breaks up."

The Lady Noggs stalked out of the room with a sullen dignity. But once on the other side of the door she ran upstairs to the nursery, took a new story-book Mr. Borrodaile had given her, a basket and the doll Grizell, another gift from Mr. Borrodaile, and also of his christening, because he had observed that patience was the virtue chiefly needed by the dolls of the Lady Noggs.

She came quietly down the stairs swinging Grizell by the leg, humming a simple nursery lay, with her eyes wider open than usual to show the extreme innocence of her thoughts, the most careless and unconcerned child in the world. She took advantage of the emptiness of the hall to bolt across it and reached safely the region of the kitchens. In different parts of that region she was seen by several of the servants for about ten minutes; but they were too busy to give any attention to her, and they were not in the habit of questioning her as to her doings, because it was a dangerous thing for the unauthorized to do. She was able, therefore, to raid the larders successfully, and presently slipped out into the garden with her basket stocked with chicken, cake and pastry.

She went quickly through the gardens by sidepaths through the shrubberies until she came to a broader path which ran alongside a dense thicket. Half-way down it she turned into the thicket, squeezing her way between two close-set trees, pushed her way through the brushwood, which closed behind her, and came into a little clearing on the edge of a long pool. A fringe of bushes and three or four trees hid the clearing from any one on the farther bank. This nook was her own discovery, and she had used it before as a convenient hiding-place in which to brood at leisure on her wrongs.

She threw the doll Grizell face downward on the grass and set down her basket with a sigh of relief; then she made herself comfortable under a tree and ate her breakfast. When that was done, she put the uneaten food into the basket and set it in the shade; sat for a while reflecting with vengeful satisfaction on the sorrow her uncle would feel on learning that he had driven her away; then got to business.

She set the doll Grizell up against a tree, looking across the pool, and said, "Now, idiot, I'm an enchanted Princess in her bower waiting for the Prince to come and you're my lady-in-waiting. And there are lots and lots of wicked enchanters and witches hunting for me. But if we keep quiet they'll never see us—never. You're to keep watch for them—and at any rate I sha'n't see your silly face."

With that she lay down on the moss and began to read her story-book. Now and again she looked up at Grizell to see if she were faithfully discharging her duty, and once she rose and thoughtfully banged that patient creature's head against the tree by way of quickening her sense of responsibility.

After breakfast the Prime Minister sent for Miss Cattermole and informed her of the punishment to which he had condemned her pupil.

"Then she didn't breakfast with you?" said Miss Cattermole with some dismay.

"No; didn't she breakfast with you?" he asked.

Editor's Note—This is the second in the series of Lady Noggs stories, each complete in itself.

"I haven't seen her since you sent for her; and I shouldn't wonder if I don't see her for the rest of the day. She has a hiding-place to which she retires when her dignity is ruffled. She has done it twice this summer; and I cannot find out where she hides."

"Dear, dear!" said the Prime Minister. "Why wasn't I told of this?" And he took hold of his beard with both hands and held it firmly, for comfort.

"If I told you of all Nogg—Lady Felicia's pranks, I'm afraid you would have little time to think of anything else," said Miss Cattermole, smiling. "But of course I punish her for these retreats."

"Yes, yes," said the Prime Minister; "you are quite right. What I hear of her pranks gives me trouble enough. A very difficult child."

"Oh, no; not at all," said Miss Cattermole cheerfully. "She is very honest and good-hearted, and quite obedient if I tell her to do, or not to do, anything. The difficulty is to be quick enough with the bidding or forbidding to anticipate the workings of her ingenious mind. But I had better go at once and try to find her."

The Prime Minister let go his beard and sighed. "It's very tiresome," he said; "very tiresome."

The Lady Noggs was not found. She passed a restful day in her capacity of Princess in an enchanted bower. She read her story-book, she ate, she slept, and now and again she discussed frankly, apparently with the circumambient air, the doll Grizell's lamentable lack of intelligence. Late in the morning and again in the afternoon she enjoyed the diversion of observing different people, servants and guests, hunting for her. She did not hear them; for as soon as their far-off, indistinguishable crying reached her ears she thrust her fingers into them that she might be able to say truthfully that she had heard no one call her name. She observed that Miss Cattermole and Mr. Borrodaile hunted together, and she regarded with an infinite scorn the flirtatious interludes with which Mr. Borrodaile strove vainly to break the search.

Now it chanced that a grievance had been rankling in the mind of the Countess. She had been feeling, with a genuine bitterness, that her intimacy with the Prime Minister was by no means duly advertised. Then she had hit on the happy but hardly original idea of having her jewels stolen. To the surprise of the Lady Noggs, at about six o'clock, just when her enchanted but solitary occupation was beginning to pall, she saw her enemy on the farther bank of the pool, alone. She watched at first carelessly, and then with all her eyes. The Countess carried a packet, and to the surprise of the Lady Noggs, after a hasty glance back along the path by which she had come she knelt down by a willow, lowered the packet into the water by a string and tied it to one of the roots of the tree. Then she rose, looked sharply round and withdrew.

The curiosity of the Lady Noggs was far too keen for her not to risk discovery; she stole to the end of the thicket; bolted from it to the willow; unfastened the string; hauled up the packet and bolted back with it to the thicket. She stole back to her bower before she examined her salvage, and then found it to be a small reticule. She made no bones about opening it, and found to her surprise that it contained a diamond tiara, necklace, star, bracelets and rings. At least her inexpert, childish eyes took the stones for diamonds; really, in equipping the Countess for its little deed of kindness, the paternal instinct of the Russian Government had only run to paste.

The Lady Noggs was no longer bored; she played for a long while with her treasure-trove, decking herself with the ornaments and wishing that she had a mirror to see the effect. So long did she play that the Countess, after forcing open her empty jewel-case with a screwdriver and locking her bed-room door, was coming down to dinner with the other guests when she reached the castle. She went up to her room by a back staircase, hoping to reach it unobserved; but Miss Cattermole was expecting her, caught her, scolded her severely, and sent her to bed at once without any supper. She took the scolding and the punishment with unusual meekness and escaped to her own room with the reticule.

Her lack of supper and the fact that she had slept during the day, kept her awake. It was nearly ten o'clock when she heard a great stir in the house, hurrying footsteps and people talking in high, excited tones. Then she heard Mr. Borrodaile knock at the door of Miss Cattermole's sitting-room, which adjoined her bedroom, enter, and say, "Here's a pretty to-do! The Countess has been robbed of her jewels!"

"How?" cried Miss Cattermole.

"It seems as if the burglars had set up a ladder, climbed into her bedroom window and forced open her jewel-case."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, we're sending word to the police at Upsdale—not that they will be of much use—to send a man over and wire for a detective from Scotland Yard."

The Lady Noggs waited to hear no more. She saw that the intervention of a capable person was called for; jumped out of bed; put on her dressing-gown and slippers; took the reticule from under the mattress and hurried out of the room. She was already at the head of the staircase when Miss Cattermole and Mr. Borrodaile came out of the sitting-room to see what was going on, saw her, and hurried after her.

The Lady Noggs ran down to the staircase into the great hall, and hearing a buzz of talk from the library, made for it. She found her uncle and most of his guests in it; and as she entered, the Countess, who sat at the end of the table, was saying plaintively, "They were heirlooms, the family jewels of the Karskovitches. My husband gave them to me in the earlier days of our married life—the happy days."

There was a murmur of sympathy from the men; the Lady Noggs slipped through a commiserating group, said scornfully, "Here are your old jewels!" and threw the sodden reticule on to the table.

There was an outcry from those who stood round; and the face of the Countess set as it was, in the middle of a plaintive smile. In all the world there was no object which she had less desire to see at that moment, and she stared at the abhorred reticule as she might have stared at a striking cobra. But the Duke of Huddersfield, who stood by the table, picked it up, opened it and poured the glittering trinkets on to the table. "Are they all right?" he said, turning them over.

THE PRIME MINISTER WAS AT A LOSS. "I INSIST UPON IT," HE SAID FEEBLY

His action gave the Countess time; she got her breath, and looking sorrowfully at the Lady Noggs, she said, "Oh what a cruel child, to give me such a fright!"

"What fright?" said the Lady Noggs, puzzled.

"It's really monstrous that you should play such a trick, Felicia!" cried the Prime Minister angrily.

"Stealing jewels, even for a joke, is a bit thick," said a younger admirer of the Countess.

"Stealing!" cried the Lady Noggs hotly. "I didn't steal them! They weren't stolen at all! She hid them herself—in the White Pool—at the bottom of the gardens. I was hiding on the other side of it. I'd been there all day. I saw her let down the reticule by a string tied to a willow-root and I fished it out."

"Oh, what a wicked child! to play a trick and then tell a lie about it!" cried the Countess, at bay.

"Dear, dear, this is very distressing!" said the Prime Minister.

Suddenly Miss Cattermole stood beside the Lady Noggs, her pretty face flushed and indignant. "It's absurd!" she cried in a very clear, ringing voice. "Lady Felicia never tells lies!"

"It's nonsense!" said Mr. Borrodaile over Miss Cattermole's shoulder. "Noggs never lies!"

"Besides," said Miss Cattermole, "the Countess says that the jewels were lost during dinner. Lady Felicia was in her bedroom all dinner-time. I can answer for it."

"Ah, the amiable governess and the secretary! Is it a plot?" said the Countess with a faint sneer.

It was a hopelessly false step; Mr. Borrodaile was a relation or connection of half the people in the room. There was a murmur, and the group about the Countess drew a little away.

"*Mon dieu!* What a wicked child! Or has she been taught the story?" cried the Countess. "What motive, what possible motive could I have for doing such a thing?"

"Advertisement," said Mr. Borrodaile promptly but curtly.

The magic word cleared the air; there was a smothered laugh or two and a good deal of coughing.

One look at the Prime Minister's stern face showed the Countess that the game was lost and she rose to the situation. With the air of a tragedy queen she sprang to her feet and cried, "So this is your English hospitality! You plot the ruin of a defenseless woman! And use a little child as the instrument of your baseness! Let me go! Curs!"

She swept down the room and was making an excellent exit when she spoiled everything by turning on the Lady Noggs as she passed, and crying, "Oh, you wicked and abominable child!"

The Lady Noggs had at last grasped the situation. "I'm not!" she cried fiercely. "It's you that's wicked! And one of these days you'll go to prison, and they'll wash your face and you won't have any complexion!"

The Lady Noggs had the last word.

The Missing Potts

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, had for some months a very expert greenhouse superintendent named Potts, who had a wonderful understanding of greenhouse management. A recent visitor at the Rockefeller house missed Potts. "What's become of that greenhouse man?" he asked.

"Oh, Potts," said Mr. Rockefeller. "Yes, he knew more about greenhouse plants than any man I ever saw."

"But where is he?"

"Well, he's gone. It was wonderful, his knowledge of plants."

"You must have hated to part with him."

"Yes, I did. But it had to be. You see, he kept coming later and later every day and going home earlier and earlier."

"Well, a man of his ability might have been worth retaining even on short hours."

"Perhaps, perhaps. First he came and stayed eight hours, then six, then four; then he got down to two."

"But two hours of such a man's time was worth having."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Rockefeller slowly. "Of course. I hope I appreciated Potts. I didn't object to two hours' service. But, he got so he didn't come at all—just sent his card; then I dispensed with him."

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—The Boss would write his autobiography. Why? For much the same reason that other autobiographies have been written. And being something doubtful of his unbroken English, he has called in his man of ink, to hold the pen and shape the telling.

I was born, he says, in Clonmel, Ireland, and came to this country in early boyhood. At fifteen I had grown a wild, strong lad, ready of my hands and wise in the ways of the streets. I had yet to make the acquaintance of my life-work, though, and the manner of our meeting was something strange. I collided with Sheeny Joe, a lesser lieutenant to Big Kennedy, The Boss of the Ward, and though my quarrel did he no shame as a "shoulder-hitter," it landed me in jail at Big Kennedy's instance. There, however, and in the court room, I bore myself so well and the justice of my defense was so evident, that I won a tardy favor at his hands. The magistrate discharged me, and my new friend, who liked a boy that could shut both his lips and his fists, gave me a paying place with a local grocer. It was from a delivery driver's seat that I got my first knowledge of politics.

CHAPTER IV (CONCLUDED)

WHILE I drove wagon for Grocer Fogel my work of the day was over at six o'clock. I had nothing to do with the care of the horses; I threw the reins to a stable-hand when at evening I went to the barn and left for my home without pausing to see the animals out of the straps or their noses into the corn. Now, had I been formed with a genius for it I might have put in a deal of time at study. But nothing could have been further from my taste or habit; neither then nor later did I engage myself in any traffic with books, and throughout my life never opened a half dozen.

Still, considering those plans I had laid down for myself and that future of politics to which my ambition began to turn, I cannot say I threw away my leisure. If my nose were not between the pages of a book my hands were within a pair of boxing-gloves, and I, engaged against this or that opponent, was leading or guarding, hitting or stopping, rushing or getting away, and fitting, to an utmost, hand and foot and eye and muscle for the task of beating a foeman black and blue should the accidents or duties of life place one before me.

And I prospered with my boxing. I think I owned much native stomach for the business, since in my sullen fashion I was as near the touch of true happiness when in the midst of a mill as ever I hope to stand. My heart, and with that word I mean courage, was of fighting sort. Though I was exceedingly cautious, my caution was based on courage. Men of this stamp stay until the last and either conquer or fall. There are those who have courage, but their construction is the other way about. Their courage is based on caution; such, if hard bested, run away. Should you seek one who will stand to the work of battle to the bitter end, pick him whose caution, coming first in the procession of his nature, is followed by his courage, rather than that one whose caution follows his courage to tap it on the shoulder, preach to it of peril and counsel flight.

You are not to assume that I went about these boxing gymnastics moved solely of that instinct by which the bulldog fights. I went to my first studies as the result of thought and calculation. In my thick way I had noted how those henchmen of the inner circle who surrounded Big Kennedy—those who were near to him and upon whom he most relied—were wholly valued by him for the two matters of force of fist and that fidelity which asks no question. Even a slower intellect than mine would have seen that to succeed as I proposed, I must be the gladiator. Wherefore, I boxed and wrestled and perfected my muscles; also, as corollary, I avoided drink and tobacco as I would two poisons.

And Big Kennedy, who had a little of his eye on me most of the time, was so good as to approve. He applauded my refusal of alcohol and tobacco. And he indorsed my determination to be a boxer.

"A man who can take care of himself with his hands," said he, "and who never lets whisky fool him or steal his head, can go far in this game of politics. An' it's a pretty good game at that, is politics, and can be brought to pay like a bank."

—THE SAME KEEN NOTE, LIKE THE SCREECH OF A HAWK

It chanced that I met with an adventure which added to my celebration in a way I could have wished. I was set upon by a drunken fellow—a stranger. He was an invader, bent upon mischief, and came from an adjacent and a rival ward. I had offered no provocation; why he selected me to be his victim and whether it were accident or design I cannot say. Possibly I had been pointed out to this drinking Hotspur as one from whose conquest honor would flow; perhaps some enemy of the pattern of Sheeny Joe set him to it. For my side, all I know is that without challenge given or the least offer of warning, the creature bore down upon me, whirling his fists like flails.

"You're the party I'm lookin' for!" was all he said.

In the mix-up to follow, and which I had neither time to consider nor avoid, the visitor from that other ward was fully and indubitably beaten. This was so evident that he himself admitted it when, at the finish of hostilities, certain Samaritans gave him strong drink as a restorative. It developed also that my assailant, in a shadowy, subdued way, was a kind of a prize-fighter, and by his own tribe deemed invincible. My victory, therefore, made a noise in immediate circles; and I should say it saved me from a deal of trouble and later strife, since it served to place me in a class above the common. There came few so drunk or so bold as to ask for trouble with me, and I found that this casual battle—safe, also, since my prize-fighter was too drunk to be dangerous—had brought me a wealth of peace.

There came a day when Big Kennedy gave me a decisive mark of his esteem. He presented me to his father. The elder Kennedy, white-haired and seamed of age, was known as "Old Mike." He was a personage of gravity and power, since his was the only voice in that region to which Big Kennedy would yield. Wherefore to be of Old Mike's acquaintance shone in one's favor like a title of Knighthood.

Big Kennedy's presentation speech, when he led me before his father, was characteristic and peculiar. Old Mike was in the shadow of his front porch, while three or four oldsters of the neighborhood, like a council or a little court about a monarch, and all smoking short clay pipes, were sitting with him.

"Here's a pup," cried Big Kennedy, with his hand on my shoulder, "I want you to look over. He's a great pup and ought to make a great dog."

Old Mike glanced at me out of his twinkling gray eyes. After a moment he said, addressing me:

"Come ag'in."

That was all I had from Old Mike that journey.

Big Kennedy, it should be said, was a model for all sons. He kept his father in ease and comfort in a house of his own. He was prone to have Old Mike's advice, particularly if what he proposed was a step new or one perilous in its policy, and he never went to anything in the teeth of Old Mike's word. It wasn't deference, it was faith; Big Kennedy believed in the wisdom of Old Mike and relied upon it with a confidence that was implicit.

I shall have more to tell of Old Mike as my story unrolls to the eye. If Big Kennedy was my example, Old Mike should be called my Mentor. Taking the cue from Big Kennedy, I came to own for Old Mike that veneration which the youths of Ancient Greece felt for their oracles, and as utterly accepted either his argument or conclusion. It stood no wonder that I was impressed and played upon by this honor of an introduction to Old Mike. To bring you before Old Mike and name you for his consideration was the extremest proof of Big Kennedy's regard. As I've said, it glittered on one like the chain and spurs of Knighthood, and the simple fact of it gave me a pedestal among my fellows.

After my bout with that erring one who came out of his own ward to sup grief at my hands, there began to collect about me a coterie of half-way bruisers. This circle never had formal organization. And though the members were of the rougher and, if you will have the truth, in some instances the criminal sort and each a man of his hands, the argument of its coming together was not so much aggression as protection.

"—I'M TH' DADDY OF BIG JAWN KENNEDY"

The town, forty years ago, was not a theatre of peace and lamb's-wool safety. One's hand must keep one's head, and a stout arm backed by a stout heart traveled far. To leave one's own ward, or even the neighborhood where one lived, was to invite attack. In an alien ward, one would be set upon and beaten to rags before one journeyed a mile. If one of the enemy were not equal to the business, others would lend a hand. Whether it required one or two or three or twenty, the interloper was fated to fall heir to a drubbing. If his bones were not broken he was looked on as fortunate, while those who had undertaken to correct his wanderings were despised as bunglers who had slighted a task.

Now and then a war party would make a sortie from their own region to break windows and heads in the country of an enemy. Such bands descended often upon the kingdom of Big Kennedy, and it was a notion of protection against these Goths and Huns which brought to my shoulder the militant spirits I have mentioned. It was we who must meet and drive out those vandals, when they would make desolate our territory. The police were of no use; they either walked the other way in a spirit of cautious neutrality or were driven into hiding with a shower of stones.

By the common tongue this coterie to collect at my back was named the "Tin Whistle Gang." Each member carried a whistle as part of his pocket furniture. These were made of a uniform pattern and the same keen note, like the screech of a hawk, was common to all. The screaming fifelike song of one would bring out the Tin Whistles as hotly bent for action as a colony of wasps. In those days, when might was right, the sound of these whistles was a storm signal. Quiet people shut their doors and drew their bolts, while apothecaries made ready to sell lint and plasters.

It is required that I speak of the Tin Whistles in this place. I was now for the first time to be called into political activity by Big Kennedy. I was eighteen at the time, and of a sober, steady, confident cast, and trustworthy in a wordless way. Because I was sober of face and one not given to words, men looked on me as five years better than my age; I think these characteristics even imposed on Big Kennedy himself, for he dealt with me as though I were a man.

It was in the midst of a campaign. Two days before the balloting Big Kennedy sent for me. There was a room to the rear of his bar; no one entered there who was not established in the confidence of Big Kennedy. It was even a greater distinction than the acquaintance of Old Mike. Knowing these things, my brow flushed when Big Kennedy led me into this sanctum of his policies.

"Kid," said Big Kennedy—he never called me by any title save that of Kid, and at last it grew to have the sound of a name in my ears—"Kid, if I didn't trust you, you'd be t'other side of that door." I said nothing; I had found that silence pleased Big Kennedy, and I learned early to keep my tongue between my teeth. Big Kennedy went on: "On election day the polls will close at six o'clock. Half an hour before they close take those boys of yours, the Tin Whistles, and drive every one of the opposition workers an' ticket-peddlers away from the polling-place. You'll know them by their badges. I don't want any one hurt more'n you have to. The less blood, the better; blood's news; it gets into the papers. Now remember: at half an hour before six blow your whistle an' charge. When you've got 'em on the run, keep 'em goin'. And don't let 'em come back."

CHAPTER V

BIG KENNEDY'S commands concerning the Tin Whistles taught me that lurking somewhere in the election situation he smelled peril to himself. Commonly, though his methods might be a wide shot to the left of the lawful, they were never violent. He must feel himself hard pressed to call for fist and club. He lived at present cross-purposes

with sundry chief spirits of the general organization; perhaps a word was abroad to his disaster and he had heard some sigh of it. This would be nothing wonderful, for coarse-fibered as he seemed, Big Kennedy had spun the web of his control throughout the ward like any spider, and a least fluttering proof of treason was sure to be caught in it.

The election, though the office at local bay came to be no weightier than that of Alderman, was of moment to Big Kennedy. Defeat would mean his eclipse and might even spell his death in politics. To lose the Alderman was to let fall the reins of ward control. The Alderman, with his turtle-devouring fellows, cracked the whip over the police, whom the Board of Aldermen appointed or dismissed; and the police were a ballot-engine not be resisted. He who held the Alderman held the police; and he who had the police carried victory between his hands.

Doubtless it was some inner-circle treachery which Big Kennedy apprehended. The regular opposition, though numerous enough and carrying on its muster-rolls the best of what was respectable, lacked that organization which was the ridgepole of Big Kennedy's supremacies. It straggled and was moblike in its movements, and, as I've written, though strong in numbers, was no more to be collected or fashioned into any telling force for political war than a flock of grazing sheep. If there came nothing before him more formidable than the regular opposition, Big Kennedy would go over it like a train of cars, and ask no aid of shoulder-hitters. Such innocent folk might stand three deep about a ballot-box, and yet Big Kennedy would take from it what count of votes he chose and they be none the wiser. It would be no more than cheating a child at cards.

The open opposition to Big Kennedy was made up of divers misfit elements running from high to low, and included the best to dwell within the borders of the ward. At its head, as a sort of captain by courtesy, flourished that reputable, peppery old gentleman who aforetime took my part against Sheeny Joe. A bit in love with his own eloquence, and eager for a forum wherein to exercise it, the reputable old gentleman had named himself against Big Kennedy's candidate. As a campaign scheme of vote getting—for he thought he had only to be heard, wholly to convince a listener—the reputable old gentleman engaged himself upon a-house-to-house canvass.

It was the evening of that day whereon Big Kennedy gave me those orders touching the Tin Whistles that the reputable old gentleman paid a visit to Old Mike, that Nestor being, as usual, on his porch and comforting himself with a pipe. For myself, I chanced to be present at the conversation, although I had no word therein; I was much at Old Mike's knee during those callow days, having an appetite for his counsel.

"Good-evening, sir," said the reputable old gentleman, taking the chair which Old Mike's politeness at once provided; "good-evening, sir. My name is Morton—Morton of the Morton Bank. I live in Lafayette Place. Incidentally I am a candidate for the office of Alderman, and I thought I'd take the freedom of a neighbor and a taxpayer and talk with you on that topic of common interest."

"Why, then," returned Old Mike with a cynical grin, "I'm th' daddy of Big Jawn Kennedy, an' for ye to talk to me would be as useless loike as throwin' wahter on a drowned rat."

The reputable old gentleman was set aback by the news. Next he took heart of grace.

"For," he said, turning on Old Mike a pleasant eye, although just a dash of the patronizing showed in the arch of his brow, "if I should be so fortunate as to explain to you your whole duty of politics, it might influence your son. Your son, I understand, listens greatly to your word."

"It would be a ba-ad son who didn't moind his father," said Old Mike. "As to me jooty av politics, it's th' same as any man's. It's th' jooty av lookin' out for meself."

This open-air selfishness as declared by Old Mike rather served to shock the reputable old gentleman.

"And in politics do you think first of yourself?" he asked.

"Not only first, but lasht," replied Old Mike. "An' so do you; an' so does every man."

"I cannot understand the narrowness of your view," retorted the other, somewhat austere and distant. "You are a respectable man; you call yourself a good citizen?"

"Oh," responded Old Mike, for the remark concluded with a rising inflection like a question, "I get along with th' p'lice, an' I get along with th' priests—what more should a man say!"

"Are you a taxpayer?"

"I have th' house," responded Old Mike with a smile.

The reputable old gentleman shook his head dubiously. Evidently he didn't regard Old Mike's one-story cottage as all that might be desired in the way of credentials. Still he pushed on.

"Have you given much attention to political economy?" This with an erudite cough. "Have you made politics a study?"

"From me cradle," returned Old Mike. "Every Irishman does. I knew so much about politics before I was twinty-one th' British Government would have transported me av I'd stayed in Dublin."

"I should think," said the reputable old gentleman, with the look of one who had at last found something to stand on, "that if you ran from tyranny in Ireland you would refuse here to submit to the tyranny of Tammany Hall. If you couldn't abide a king, how can you now put up with a boss?"

"I didn't run from th' King, I ran from th' laws," said Old Mike. "As for the Boss—everything that succeeds has a boss. The President's a boss; the Pope's a boss; Stewart's a boss in his store down in City Hall Park. You're a boss in your bank. That's right; everything that succeeds has a boss. Nothing is strong enough to stand the mishtakes av more than one man. Ireland would have been free th' long cinturies ago if she'd only had a boss."

"But do you call it good citizenship," demanded the reputable old gentleman, not a trifle nettled by Old Mike's hardshell philosophy of state—"do you call it good citizenship to take your orders from a boss? You are loyal to Tammany before you are loyal to the city?"

"Shure!" returned Old Mike, puffing the puffs of him who is undisturbed. "Do ye ever pick up a hand in a game av ca-ards?" The reputable old gentleman seemed properly disgusted. "There you be, then! City government is but a game; so's all government. Shure, it's as if you an' me were playin' a game av ca-ards, this politics; an' Tammany is my hand. In a game of ca-ards which are ye loyal to—is it your hand or the game? Man, it's your hand, av coorse! By the same token I'm loyal to Tammany Hall."

That closed the discussion; the reputable old gentleman went his way, and one might tell by his eye that the question to assail him was whether he had been in verbal encounter with a Bedlamite or an Anarchist. He did not recognize me, nor was I sorry. I liked the reputable old gentleman because of that other day, and would not have him discover me in what he so plainly felt was dangerous company.

"He's a mighty ignorant man," said Old Mike, pointing after the visitor with the stem of his pipe. "What this country has mosht to fear is th' ignorance av th' rich."

It was perhaps ten o'clock on the morning of election day when, on word sent me, I waited on Big Kennedy in his barroom. When he had drawn me into his sanctum at the rear he came, as was his custom, promptly to the purpose.

"There's a fight bein' made on me from headquarters," he said; "the headquarters crowd is tryin' to down me. They've put out a lot of money on the quiet among my own people an' think to sneak th' play on me." While Big Kennedy talked, his eyes never left mine, and I could feel that he was searching me for some flickering sign that the enemy had been tampering with my fealty. I stared back at him like a statue. "An'," went on Big Kennedy, still looking me hard in the eye, "not to put a feather-edge on it, I thought I'd run you over an' see if they'd been fixin' you. I guess you're all right, however; you look on the level." Then, swinging abruptly to the business of the day: "Have you got your gang ready?"

"Yes," I nodded.

"Remember my orders. Five-thirty is the time. Charge the blokes with badges—th' ticket-peddlers. An' mind! don't pound 'em; chase 'em. Unless they stop to slug with you, don't put a hand on 'em."

Being thus reinstructed and about to depart, I made bold to ask Big Kennedy if there were any danger of his man's defeat. He shook his head.

"Not a glimmer," he replied. "But of course we've got to work. They've put out stacks of money, an' made a still-hunt through th' ward. They've settled it to help elect the opposition candidate—this old gent Morton. They don't care to win the Alderman, they're only out to make me lose him. If they could take the Alderman an' the police away from me, they would go in next trip an' kill me too dead to skin. But it's no go; they can't make th' dock. I can hold my ward ag'inst all that they can do. They've put in their money; but I'll show 'em a trick that beats money to a standstill."

It was as I had surmised; Big Kennedy feared treachery and the underhand support of the enemy by those he called his friends. For myself, I would stand by him. Big Kennedy was the only captain I knew.

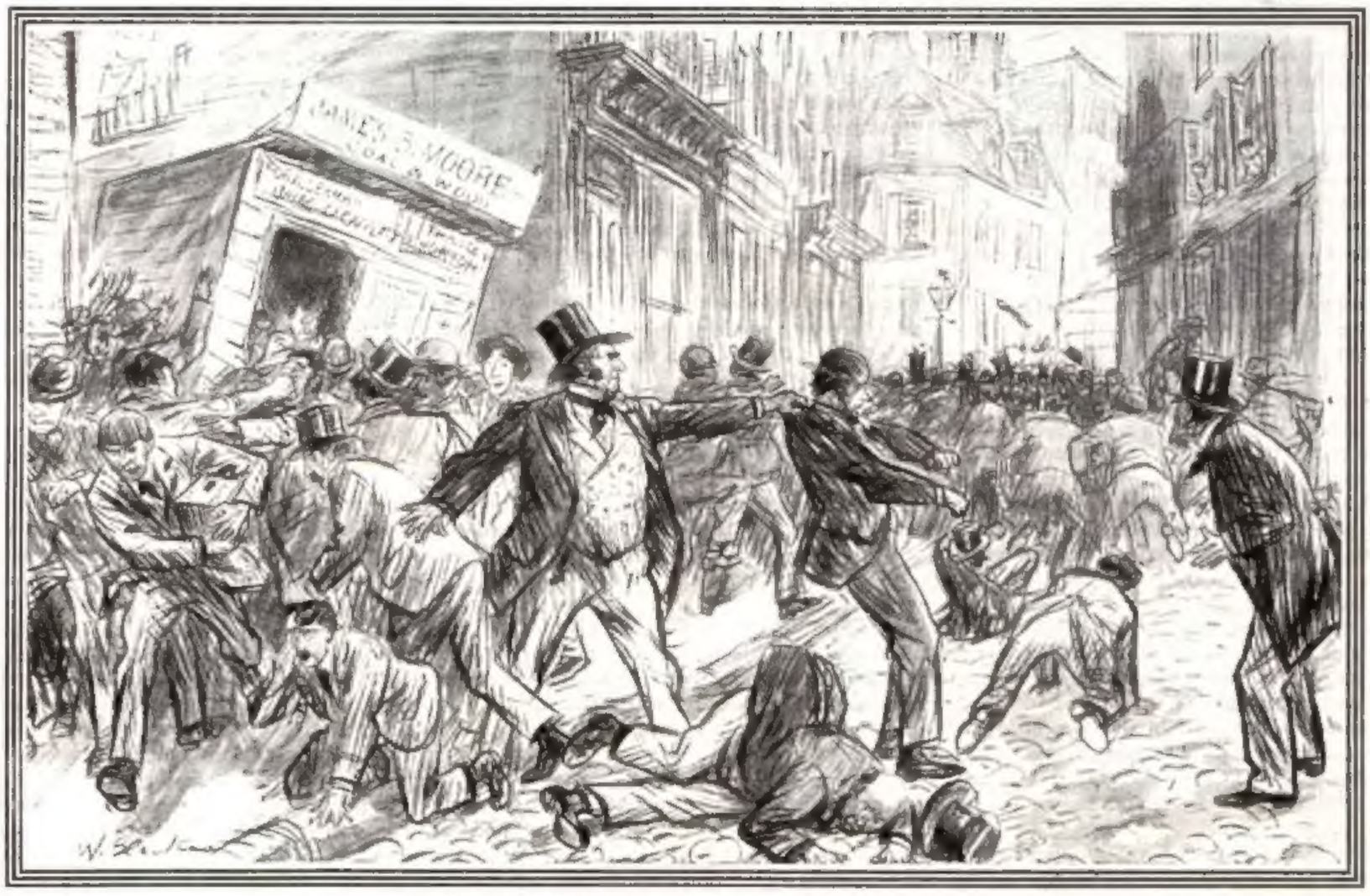
To the commands of Big Kennedy and their execution I turned with as ready a heart as ever sent duck to drink. No impulse to disobey or desert so much as crossed my slope of thought. Tammany Hall has ever been military in its spirit. Big Kennedy was my superior officer, I but a subaltern; it was my province to accept his commands and carry them forward without argument or pause.

In full and proper season I had my Tin Whistles wholly in hand. I did not march them to the polling-place in a body, since I was not one obstreperously to vaunt or flaunt an enterprise in advance. Also, I was too much the instinctive soldier to disclose either my force or my purpose, and I knew the value of surprise.

There were a round twenty of my Tin Whistles, each a shoulder-hitter and warm to shine in the graces of Big Kennedy. I might have recruited a double strength; but there was no need. I had counted the foe; the poll-tenders of the opposition numbered but ten; my twenty, and each a berserk, ought to scatter them like a flock of birds. My instructions given to my fellows were precisely Big Kennedy's orders as given to me: no blows, no blood unless made necessary by resistance.

As the time drew down for action, my Tin Whistles were scattered about the polling-place and sticking close to the

(Continued on Page 17)



THREW HIMSELF INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE TUMULT

The Chevalier of Industry

What the Grandson of the Old Planter is Doing in the New South

By OPIE READ

ON THE shores of the Arkansas, where once the war-drum fiercely beat, there is now the hum of the spindle, the chant of peace, the epic of industry, the music of conquest. In the old day it did not seem consistent that cotton fabrics should well be manufactured in the neighborhood of the field where the cotton-stalk was grown. There was no want of fuel. On the distant hillside there was the black frown of outcropping coal; the woods held in their colors the secret of many a shrewd dye; from the North the artisan was willing to come, to escape the already crowded hives, but in that lay a menace to the Planter. He shuddered to think that his bower might be turned into a hive. With all of his generosity and his kindness, his gallantry and the lovable traits of his careless disposition, he had but the minimum of respect for the man without influence. To him the man who owned a darky was greater personally and of far more force as a factor of civilization than the builder of a mill. On the negro, the slave of his friend, he looked with the eye of more interest than on the Cracker, the lowly, weakened and humbled descendant of the powerful religious zealot who fought with Cromwell. To the Southern colonies had been sent as slaves a large number of political offenders. In all the affairs of life they were honest, willing to give their blood for principle, each one holding in glorified memory the name of some ancestor who, shouting in smoke the name of the Lord, had died at the stake. In a way they were emancipated. In slavery there was rivalry, and as a human chattel they were displaced by the negro, who in turn held them in contempt. This absolute monarchy in a republic regarded it as essential that the Cracker along with the slave should know his place. The Cracker could vote and his vote must be controlled, not by force or the appearance of force, but by the inculcated and ever-present dread of offending the rich and the powerful. There was no free-school system such as now in that part of the country adorns with a garland the brow of every child. To teach a slave was not to be thought of unless as an offense against the peace and ordained religion of the commonwealth, and in the case of the "white trash" it was not economic to put upon poverty the discontent of knowledge. The factory threatened a social and industrial revolution and was therefore not encouraged.

But in the field, harrowed by war, a new seed was dropped—the seed of modern progress. The sprouting was slow, the growing tedious; many a frost came to nip at its buds, many a marauder to trample it beneath destructive hoof, but it grew and finally flourished. The new planter arose, a man of business. Indeed, planting cotton was only secondary to other things. He became a manufacturer. Out to the coal-bank he built a railroad; where once there stood the old ginhouse there now stands a cotton-mill. A regenerated Cracker is his secretary. In the woods there is a schoolhouse and above it floats the American flag. It is not only the flag of his country; his ancestors helped to make it. "My flag? Well, rather. My great-granddaddy furnished two of the stars and one of the stripes." He has less of drawl in speech but little less love of humor than was the whimsical grace of his grandfather. But joking takes time and he is a busy man. It was in the old time well enough to ride from one plantation house to another, carrying an anecdote; this could be done while the cotton-stalk was growing, but the cotton-spindle must be watched. Jokes are now telegraphed, as they are on the Board of Trade, and after business hours the telephone is made merry with a jest. He might own and operate an oil field and yet must he yield to the amusement of humor. The negroes about him have not lost it. They learned it first from the whites. The Spanish negro is destitute of mirth, in the American sense; he has not the philosophic trait that, drawing out a distressful truth, turns it over and about, and upon its many phases floods a mellow light of tender and amusing interest. Under the new order, the old-time darky is not so much of a political factor. He is required to read and to construe the Constitution. The reading may with little effort be acquired, but properly to construe that document does not always lie within the province of the legislator. Shortly after the law went into effect, on a day of registration, an old darky went to the place where the intelligent and the learned were supposed to assemble to write their names and to receive the honor of recorded citizenship.

"Do you want to register?" the clerk inquired.

"Yes, sah, dat's whut I come yere fur."

The clerk handed to the old negro a pamphlet. The candidate for citizenship took it, turned it over, looked at it, felt of the texture of the paper and asked: "Whut is dis yere?"

"It is the Constitution of the United States."

And then in great surprise the old fellow exclaimed: "Is dis yere de Consertution I been yerin' so much about?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Whut you want me ter do wid it? Take it home wid me?"

"You must be able to read it and construe it if you want to register."

"Wall, I wants ter register, dat's er fack. But I doan know erbout dis yere 'struin' it. But I kin read it all de same. Now lemme see." Over the page he moved his finger. "Dis is er J right yere, ain't it?"

"Read it."

"I is er readin' it. Kain't fool me wid no J. An' yere's er X er spreadin' out his legs an' er flingin' out his hands like er sawbuck. Oh, da kain't fool me; I knows 'em."

"Are you going to read the Constitution?"

"Wall, sah, my eyes ain't right good ter day. I'll come back ter mor' and handle it like er preacher readin' his tex'."

As soon as they gave to him the book he knew that he was done for, and under that Constitution which he could not read he may have felt that he had a right to register and to vote, but his humor saved him trouble.

In the Middle West, where commercial and agricultural development are as miracles, we do not halt in our rush to consider the solid growth of the New South. The money, which in colder zones is tireless in its industry, is disposed to be more leisurely in a softer atmosphere. The shade and the hammock have a strong and constantly pulling appeal. To muse is sometimes sweeter than to read, though one may end in a dream and the other in that knowledge which they say is power. The New South not only had to shake off the dream of tradition, but had to break the ever-present spell cast by the climate. From the North came quick-stepping men. They wondered why the people were so slow. They found out. Genial sloth was in the air. But man can do almost anything and a new energy came with the electric fan.

The new business man of the South is now quite as executive in his methods as the man of the North. He has had practically the same education, but complete commercial success means almost a complete elimination of the spirit of humor. It is said that the best business man in the world is the Scotch American. And the chances are that he never jokes until he is able to found libraries and endow colleges. Humor is almost as dangerous in business as in Congress. The world has ever been inclined to regard dullness as depth. A bright remark has split more than one piece of presidential timber. The savage growls and the philosopher laughs, it is true; but in business, as well as in the United States Senate, stupidity is too often mistaken for attention to necessary detail. The Scot has wit, and often wit enough to hide it, as a business man in the South and as a candidate for high office. Men who have done most for the material world have looked with a serious eye on life.

The New Planter has put aside many a genial trait, perhaps, but his inherited sense of humor is still too strong wholly to be mastered and thrown into the garret. To his house a visitor may come and not be invited to drink, not that he hesitates at the expense of the liquor, but because the times have changed. It was not so with his grandfather. That old man has been known to sit on his veranda, impatiently waiting for "drinking company" to come down the road. How often has he refused to be left after the julep had passed round and round. "Hold on, now, you ain't going to leave me in the lurch this way. I have been sitting here all day waiting for some one to come along, and I'm not going to turn you loose." The traveler might urge important business. It would but provoke a smile and a renewed protest. "Business! Why, sir, I thought I was glad I met you. I thought you were a gentleman—and I believe you are. Here, we'll have one more round. Hang it, man, this is Andrew Jackson's birthday." Once a traveler, almost snatched from his horse, thus made answer when old Andrew was mentioned as a cause why he should stay and drink, honoring his natal day: "Yes, that may be, but I am an Englishman. Don't see why I should honor him."

"What, don't see why? You ought to feel honored that you were thrashed by the greatest man that ever lived. He was paying you a marked distinction. He was giving you a reputation."

The grandson, though he does not question the physical prowess of Old Hickory, has, by comparing him with greater minds, learned to look on his intellectual worth with a smile of reverential compassion. He knows that the fight with old Nicholas Biddle displayed a fine determination, but holds in question the result—the overthrow of the United States Bank. He knows that the wildcat State banks that followed were evils most pernicious. His grandfather swore that they served as a medicine to prevent a national sickness unto death. Like the old man, the grandson believes not so much in the future as in the present; that real success means the immediate and not the ultimate enjoyment of whatever may be possessed. If thrift means a niggard greed to save a dollar, then is he not thrifty. Broadening principles have proved to him that if money must be made, money must be spent. He remembers the philosophy of an old fellow still living. "Well, sir," said he, the philosopher, "our family was rather poor. We were taught to keep the best until the last. You know, with us hog meat was the staple of the stomach. It was like the gold reserve of a bank. We usually killed hogs enough to last us, and it was mother's economy that we should begin on the sides, then the shoulders, leaving the hams for the last. Many a longing look have I cast at a ham, when standing in the smokehouse to take down a bony shoulder. Well, one year we killed more hogs than ever before. This entailed a great deal of work before we could reach the hams. But there were five of us boys and we were industrious. The time wore wearily along. Winter passed and spring was peeping through greening boughs. One night mother said to us: 'Well, boys, to-morrow morning for breakfast we begin on the hams.' It was joyous news; but, sir, just at daylight the Yankees came, halted their wagons at our house and took every blessed ham. So, all through life, since then, I have made it a rule always to eat the hams first. The old saying, 'Take the best first and you'll have the best all the time,' is true."

And this is the spirit of the new business man of the South. In him there is still some trace of the gracious vagabondage of the cavalier. Many a time has he been known to say, "Yes, if the war hadn't come on I'd have been worth a good deal, as things were rated then. No telling how many negroes I should have owned. But for the country and the world at large it is a blessed thing the war ended as it did. Even my grandfather lived to realize it."

As a lawyer the new man, along the Arkansas, is wholly different from his illustrious predecessor. The old-time lawyer, mounted on his horse, traveled like a star actor, going from triumph to triumph. Commercial law was beneath his notice. That branch of practice belonged to

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Read's portraits of American Business Types.

what was called the office lawyer. He was regarded as a clerk, knowing three times as much law as his sensational partner, but of what worth was it since he could not thrill a jury? The old orator-lawyer had a great library, the greatest—Shakespeare and the Bible. An apt quotation from Lear was sure to win a case. And from the Bible there was no appeal. Scourged with a text, the opposing lawyer bowed his head in defeat. Ridicule carried certain victory. Laugh a lawyer out of court and his case went with him. The judge joined in the merriment, and why not? In his manner had he won many a cause. Preparation did not mean the examination of papers but the framing of epigrammatic sentences. A dramatic sarcasm was more potent than a statute. The ear of the jury was set to catch the music of speech. A discord was a flaw in the argument. Readiness on the part of the advocate was proof, and truth lay in a burst of eloquence. A fellow who had been acquitted of the crime of horse-stealing had the presumption to pay attentions to the daughter of the lawyer who had saved him from the penitentiary. One night the lawyer went into the parlor and said: "Look here, it won't be long before you steal another horse, and if you ever dare to speak to my daughter again I'll take the other side and shut you up for fifteen years. How dare you come to my house?"

"Why, sir," stammered the thief, "you told the jury I was the most honorable man you ever met, and you urged it so strong I swear I believed it."

"And, sir, at that moment you were, but the moment you got out of the courthouse you were a thief again."

Out of this class of lawyers arose the Southern statesman. That is, the country regarded him as a statesman. Congress and the public were his jury. Unfortunately posterity has been his judge. With the classic past blazing in his mind he was so dazzled that he could not see a calamity soon to fall on his country. His successor of to-day may not be able to fire the mind, school-readers may never know that he lived, but in truth he is more of a statesman. I know that this is heresy. I know that it has ever been popular to hold in irreverence the men of "these degenerate days." But in the South to-day there is many an unthought of Congressman who is doing more for his State than was ever accomplished by some of the monstrous orators of the past.

The new lawyer of the South is a business man. He has not, perhaps, the tongue of silver. Mayhap about his instrument of speech clogging fate has wound a string of yarn. But he knows the acts of the Legislature. With Shakespeare he may have some acquaintance—that is, his wife who belongs to a Shakespeare club may spout Hamlet and trickle Juliet, but as for himself, he is busy with some shrewd fellow's digest of the laws. It is not unlikely that in the colony his forefathers were slaves, that he is an emancipated white man. Years ago they said that nothing notable could come out of his class. If his grandfather had presumed to study law, the negroes even would have laughed at him. It is possible that with a scythe on a pole some one of his blood fought at Sedgemoor, and that by Jeffreys he was hanged, drawn and quartered. In the Southern army his people fought, and with as desperate bravery as has ever been recorded by the scribe of human valor, but *today*, he is not now able to determine. He had no slaves. There was no chance that he could ever possess one. And even if by some strange twist of events he might have made progress and become a slaveholding planter, the other planters by right of inherited privilege would have regarded him as an upstart. But to-day he is the successful lawyer of the South, a business man.

Under the old conditions a certain boy would not have played with him. Now he is that "boy's" business adviser. And was his grandfather, like the old planter, of a humorous turn? He was, but in a way. His fun was as sallow as his complexion. His jokes were as lank as his mouse colored hair.

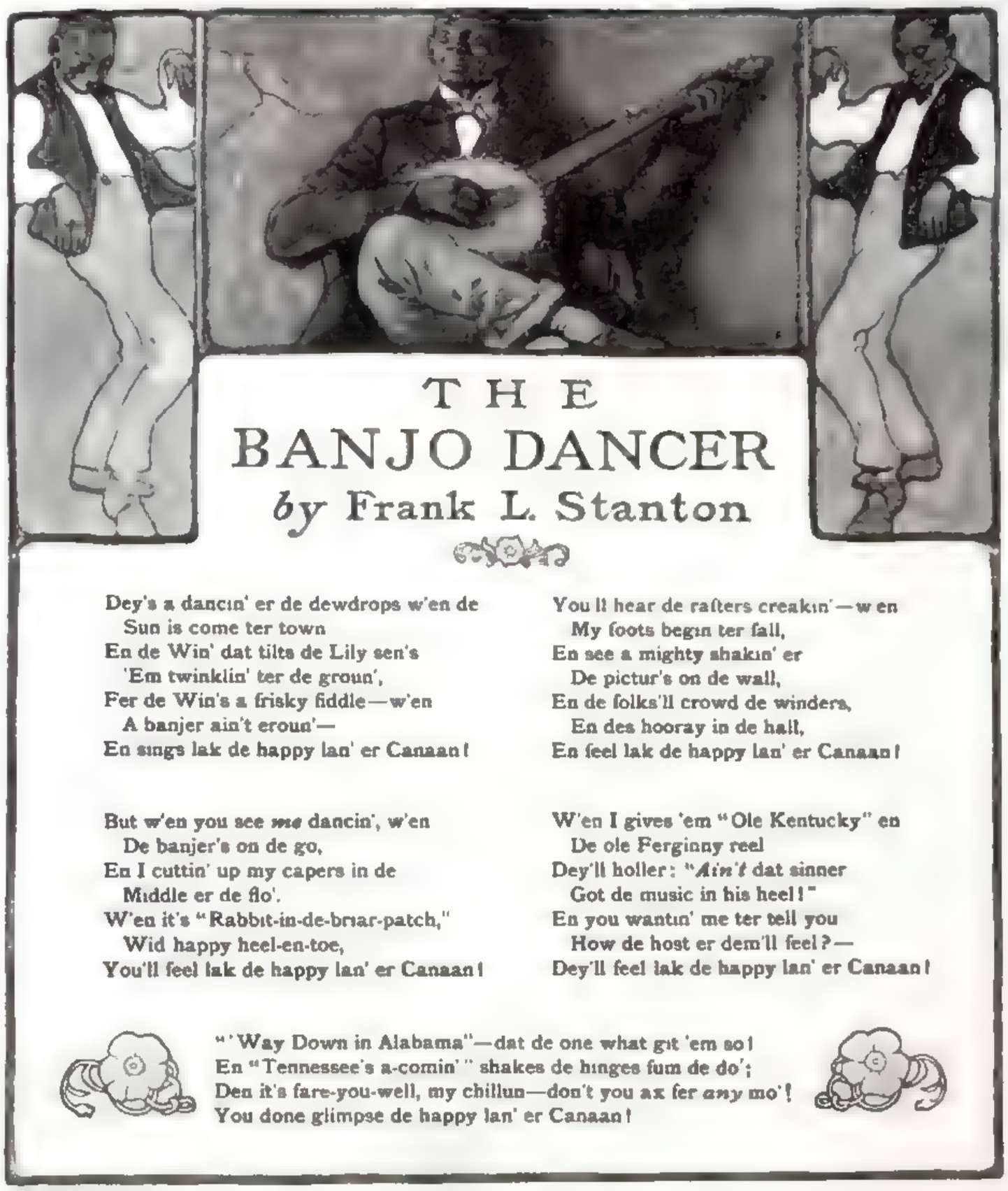
Tradition had told him of suffering. His religion was not lightsome, such as the illumined creed of the old planter. It was not the gay formula of conduct brought to America by the younger son. It was the grim precept of a determined conscience, God-strengthened to endure a merciless torture.

When banished they would have permitted him to choose New England, but they knew that there he would meet his neighbors, brothers in faith and in conscience. There were men in New England who doubtless might have bought him, men not of his faith; but there the pine woods were full of sympathy for his creed, severe for others but fitting him as snugly as the woolly skin does the sheep.

Time brings to all men opportunity. To the Cracker's grandson it came, slow indeed of foot, but on it came apace, limping down the dusty road. He did not know it, but he had manfully fought against his own emancipation. In stagnation a civil calm may hold a humble but a grasping mind, while in disturbance that mind may find the chance to vault above the bonds that held it. The hated bayonet brought liberty. The revolution which stripped the Planter, clothed the Cracker with opportunity. The Carpetbagger's free school stretched through the forest of ignorance a road for him. There he was not to con the mettled classics of useless grace, of Trojan wars and amorous poets subsidized by lordly Romans, but shrewdly to learn and to count the spots on the noonday sun of the present. The mental vigor of many a youth has been wasted thin with the grappling of questions, moss-grown and with no outcome. Attenuated speculation has made many a mind "go stale" for the active uses of this latter day; the bubbles of iridescent theories have many a time exploded in uselessness; and we who, in the crumbling house, hugged Plato close without understanding, have come to know that in practical life the arithmetic is mightier than the Iliad. In this latter school the new business man of the South has been educated. He had not wisely chosen, the mossbacks said, but amid the hummings of his numerous spindles, glancing at the news of the day, he has seen that Oxford seriously has discussed the abolition of compulsory Greek. Let us old-timers think sweet the day gone by: if we so desire, let us cherish Attic salt and call it the pepper of hot accomplishment, but let us not lose sight of the truth that the present and the future are in the keeping and the moulding of the practical man. In the years to come the doer will be prized more than the scholar. If it be not to illumine the future, the past is worthless. Histories that do not teach are of no account. Life has resolved itself into a business, and the sloth, be he ever so intellectual, is in the way. In the North this was learned early.

In the South it has of late arisen slowly as a fact that cannot be gainsaid.

Among the old planters there were many ignorant men. With them the negro cabin was greater than the library. But the influential were men of cultivation. They knew that the soldiers of Alcibiades refused to muster with "Thrasyllus his men, because they had been foiled," but they did not know what plants were best for certain soil. The new planter knows this. In a laboratory he has estimated the secret strengths of his ancient fields. He has realized that knowledge really is power. When his grandfather's fields were worn he turned them out, to be forest again in sassafras and persimmon. But now, from the laboratory there comes the voice of chemistry and the discarded fields are reclaimed. And with all this our country is more closely knitted together. Business speaks a universal tongue. It has no local prejudices. The factory knows all verbs and tenses. Commerce discovered America. Union of interests has made the Union a solid fact. A past age saw the South a dominant force in oratory. A coming age will see it supreme as a material force. Unto the South is gathering the skill of New England. The country is shifting ends. On the ancestral ground of ancient struggle, where the stout old Puritan primed his firelock, the alien has settled, with a different religion and speaking a different tongue. Where the early poet trod, the pine bush grows again, and to the woods comes back the protected deer. Far to the West are scattered the children of these honored homes, and to the South has gone many a son to live in brotherhood with him who, years ago, would have been his bitter enemy.



THE BANJO DANCER

by Frank L. Stanton

Dey's a dancin' er de dewdrops w'en de
  Sun is come ter town
En de Win' dat tilts de Lily sen's
  'Em twinklin' ter de groun',
Fer de Win's a frisky fiddle—w'en
  A banjer ain't eroun'—
En sings lak de happy lan' er Canaan!

You ll hear de rafters creakin'—w en
  My foots begin ter fall,
En see a mighty shakin' er
  De pictur's on de wall,
En de folks'll crowd de windera,
  En des hooray in de hall,
En feel lak de happy lan' er Canaan!

But w'en you see *me* dancin', w'en
  De banjer's on de go,
En I cuttin' up my capers in de
  Middle er de flo'.
W'en it's "Rabbit-in-de-briar-patch,"
  Wid happy heel-en-toe,
You'll feel lak de happy lan' er Canaan!

W'en I gives 'em "Ole Kentucky" en
  De ole Ferginny reel
Dey'll holler: "*Ain't* dat sinner
  Got de music in his heel!"
En you wantin' me ter tell you
  How de host er dem'll feel?—
Dey'll feel lak de happy lan' er Canaan!

"'Way Down in Alabama"—dat de one what git 'em so!
En "Tennessee's a-comin'" shakes de hinges fum de do';
Den it's fare-you-well, my chillun—don't you ax fer *any* mo'!
You done glimpse de happy lan' er Canaan!

The President's Daughter

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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"THE PLOWS!"

CHAPTER XV

CROUCHING under the mountains in the grip of the storm, Medicine Bend slept battened in blankets and beds. All night at the Wickiup, O'Neill and Giddings, gray with anxiety, were trying to keep track of Glover's Special. It was the only train out that night on the mountain division. For the first hour or two they kept tab on her with little trouble; but reports began to falter or to fail and the dispatchers were finally reduced to mere rumors They dropped boards ahead of Special 1018 only to find to their consternation that she was passing them unheeded

Once, at least, they knew that she herself had slipped by a night station unseen. Oftener with blanched faces they would hear of her dashing like an apparition past a frightened operator huddled over his lonely stove, a spectral flame shot across the fury of the sky—as if the dread night, breathing on the scrap-pile and the grave, had called from other nights and other storms a wraith of riven engines and slaughtered men to-one last phantom race with death and the wind

Within two hours of division headquarters a train ran lost—lost as completely as if she were crossing the Sweetgrass plains on pony trails instead of steel rails. Not once but a dozen times McGraw and Glover left the cab with lanterns in a vain endeavor to locate a station, a siding, a rock. Numbed and bitten at last with useless exposure they cast effort to the wind, gave the engine, like a lost horse, her head and ran through everything for headquarters and life. Consultation was abandoned, worry put away, one good chance laid against every other chance and taken in silence

At five o'clock that morning dispatchers and nightmen under the Wickiup gables, sitting gloomily around the big stove, sprang to their feet together. From up the distant gorge, dying thin on the gale, came the long blast of an engine whistle; it was the lost Special

They crowded to the windows. Again the heavy chime was sprung and a second blast, lasting and defiant, reached the Wickiup—McGraw was whistling for the upper yard and the long night of anxiety was ended. Unable to see a car-length into the storm howling down the yard save where the big arclights of the platform glared above the semaphores, the men swarmed to the windows to catch a glimpse of the belated engine. When the rays of its frosted headlight pierced the western gloom they shouted, ran to the telephones, and, while the roundhouse, the Superintendent and the Master-Mechanic were getting the news, the special engine steamed slowly into sight through the whirling snow and stopped at the semaphore. So a liner, shaken in the teeth of a winter storm, battered by heading seas and swept by stiffening spray, rides at last, ice-bound, staggering, majestic into port.

The moment they struck the mountain path into the Bend McGraw and Glover caught their bearings by the curves and Glover, standing by Gertrude's elbow, told her they were safe.

Not until he laughed into her ear something that the silent McGraw had said of her courage did the flood spring from her eyes. When he added that they were entering the gorge and laughingly asked if she would not like to blow the whistle for the yard limits she smiled through tears and gave her hand to be helped down, cramped and chilled, from her corner

At the moment of leaving the cab she faltered again McGraw stripped his cap from his head as she turned to speak She took from the breast of her blouse her watch, dainty as a jewel, and begged him to take it, but he would not

She drew her glove and stripped a ring from her finger

"This is for your wife she said, pressing it into his hand

"I have no wife."

"Your sister."

"Nor sister."

"Keep it for your bride, she whispered retreating. "It is yours. Good-by, good-by'"

She sprang from the gangway to Glover's arms and into the snow. The storm drove furiously down the bare street as she clung to his side and tried to walk the half-block to the hotel The wind even for a moment was deadly to face. No light, no life was anywhere visible. He led her along the lee of the low street buildings and, mindful of the struggle it was to make headway at all, turned half between her and the wind to give the shelter of his shoulders, halting as she stumbled to encourage her anew. He saw then that she was struggling even for breath and without a word he bent over her, took her up like a child and started on, carrying her in his arms

If he frightened her she gave no sign. She held herself for an instant uncertain and aloof though she could not but feel the heavy draft she made on his strength. The wind stung her cheeks; her breath caught again in her throat and she heard him implore her to turn her face from the wind. He staggered as he spoke, and as she shielded her face from the deadly cold she slipped one hand from her muff. Reaching around his head, she drew his storm-cap closely down with her fingers. When he thanked her she tried to speak and her glove rested an instant where the wind struck his cheek, then her head sunk upon his shoulder and her arms coiled slowly and tightly around his neck

He kicked open the door of the hotel with one blow of his foot and set her down inside.

In the warm dark office, breathing unsteadily, they faced one another "Can you, Gertrude, marry that man and break my heart?" He caught up her hands with his words

"No," she answered brokenly 'Are you sure you are not frozen—ears or cheeks or hands?

"You won't marry him, Gertrude, and break my heart? Tell me you won't marry him."

"No, I won't."

"Tell me again."

"Shall I tell you everything?"

"If you have mercy for me as I have love for you.

"I ran away from him to-night. He came out with the directors and telegraphed me he would be at the Springs in the afternoon for his answer and—I ran away. He has had his answer and I would not see him '

"Brave girl!"

"Oh, I wasn't brave, I was a dreadful coward. But I thought——"

"What?"

"——I could be brave, if—I found—as brave a man—as you."

"Gertrude, if I kiss you I never can give you up. Do you understand what that means? I never in life or death can give you up, Gertrude—do you understand me?'

She was crying on his shoulder. "Oh, yes, I understand," and he heard from her lips the maddening sweetness of his boy name. "I understand," she sobbed "I don't care, Ab—if only—you will be kind to me"

It was but a moment later—her head had not yet escaped from his arm, for Glover found for the first time in his life that it is one thing to obtain leave to kiss a lovely woman and wholly another to get the necessary action on the conscience-stricken dear—she had not yet, I say, escaped, when a locomotive whistle was borne from the storm faintly in on their ears. To her it meant nothing but she felt him start. "What is it?" she whispered

"The plows!"

"The plows?"

'The snowplows that followed us. Twenty minutes behind—twenty minutes between us and death in that blizzard Think of it. Must that not mean we are to live?"

The solemn thought naturally suggested, to Glover at least, a resumption of the *status quo*, but as he was locating, in the dark, there came from behind the stove a mild cough. The effect of the whole blizzard on the construction engineer was to that cough as nothing. Inly raging he seated Gertrude, indeed she sunk quite faintly into a chair, and starting for the stove, Glover dragged from behind it Gloomy Battershawl

"What are you doing here?" demanded Glover savagely.

"I'm night clerk, Mr. Glover—ow——'

"Night clerk? Very well, Solomon," muttered Glover grimly, "take this young lady to the warmest room in the house at once '

"Every room's full, Mr. Glover. Trains were all tied up last night."

"Then show her to my room"

'Your room's occupied"

"My room occupied, you villain? What do you mean? Throw out whoever's in it instantly '

"Mr. Brock is in your room'

Gertrude had come over to the stove.

"Mr. Brock'"

"My father' '

"Yes, sir, yes, ma'am.'

Gertrude and Glover looked at one another

"Mr. Blood brought him up last night," said Solomon.

"Where's Mr. Blood?"

"He hasn't come up from the Wickiup. They said he was worried over a special from the Cat that was caught in the blizzard. Your laundry came in all right last night, Mr Glover——"

"Hang the laundry."

"I paid for it.'

"Will you cease your gabble? If Mr. Blood's room is empty take Miss Brock up there and rouse a chambermaid instantly to attend her. Do you hear?"

"Shall I throw out Mr. Brock?"

"Let him alone, stupid. What's the matter with the lights? '

"The wires are down '

"Get a candle for Miss Brock Now will you make haste?"

Solomon, when he heard the name, stared at Miss Brock—but when he recognized her he started without argument and was gone an unconscionably long time.

They sat down where they could feast on each other's eyes in the glow of the coal stove

THEY CROWDED TO THE WINDOWS TO DISPUTE AND LISTEN

You have looked so worried all night," said Gertrude, in love's solicitude. "Were you afraid we should be lost?"

"No, I didn't intend we should be lost."

"What was it? What is it makes you so careworn?"

"Nothing special."

"But you mustn't have any secrets from me. What is it?"

"Do you want to know?"

"Yes."

"I couldn't find time to get shaved before we left Sleepy Cat——"

She rose with both hands uplifted. "Shades of vain heroes! Have I wasted my sympathy all night on a man who has been saving my life with perfect calmness and worrying because he couldn't get shaved?"

"Can you dispassionately say that I don't need barbering?"

"No. But this is what I will say, silly fellow—you don't know much about a woman's heart, do you, Ab? When I first looked at you I thought you were the homeliest man I had ever seen, do you know that?"

Glover fingered his offending chin and looked at her somewhat pathetically.

"But last night," her quick mouth was so eloquent, "last night I watched you. I saw your face lighted by the storm. I knew then what those heavy, homely lines below your eyes were for—strength. And I saw your eyes, to me so dull at first, fill with such a light and burn so steadily that I knew I had never seen eyes like yours. I *knew* you would save me—that is what made me so brave, goosie. Sit right where you are, please."

She slipped out of her chair; he pursued. "If you will say such things and run into the dark corners," he muttered. But when Solomon appeared with a water pitcher they were ready for him.

"What has kept you all this time?" glared Glover insincerely.

"I couldn't find any ice water."

"Ice water!"

"Every pipe is froze solid, but I chopped up some ice and brought it."

"Ice water, you double dyed idiot! Go get your candle."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't be so cross," whispered Gertrude. "You were so short with that poor fireman to-night and he told me such a pitiful story about being ordered out and having to go or lose his position——"

"Did Foley tell you that?"

"Yes."

"Well, surely, nerve runs in his family as well as his cousin's. The rascal came because I hung up a little purse for a fireman at the roundhouse and he nearly had a fight with another fellow that wanted to cut him out of the job."

"Such a cheat! How much did you offer him?"

"Not very much."

"But how much?"

"Twenty-five dollars, and, by heavens, he dunned me for it just after we started."

"But his poor wife hung to his neck when he left——"

"No doubt. She has pulled all the hair out of his head twice that I know of——"

"And I gave him my purse with all the money I had in it."

"How much?"

"About three hundred dollars."

"Three hundred dollars!!! Foley will lay off two months and take the whole family back to Pittsburg. Now here is your candle and chopped ice and Mr. Battershawl."

She turned for a last whisper. "What should you say if papa came down?"

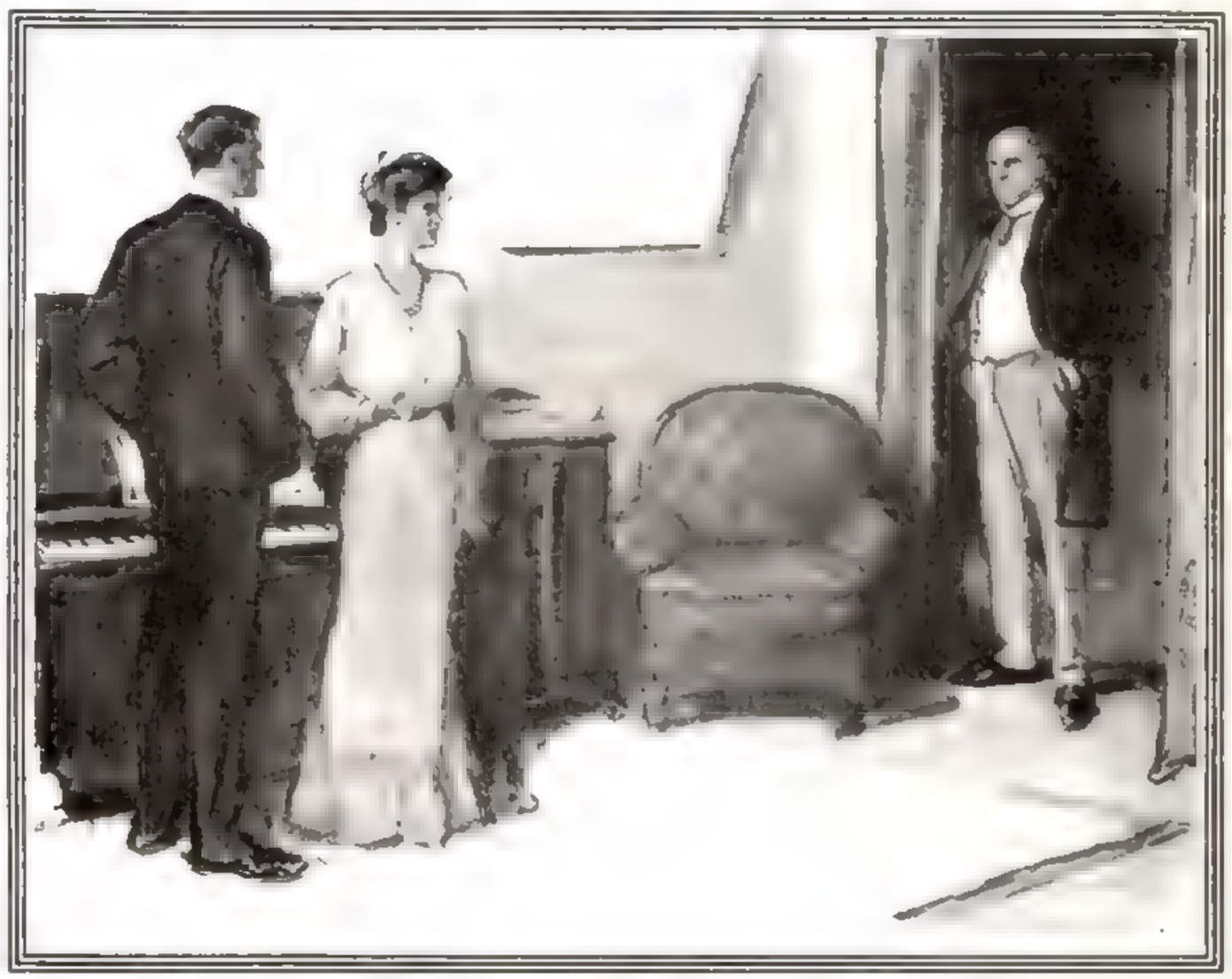
"What should I say? Well, he would probably say 'Mr Glover, I have your room.' 'Don't mention it,' I should reply, 'I have your daughter.'" But Mr. Brock did not come down.

Barely half an hour later, while Glover waited anxiously at the foot of the stairs Gertrude reappeared and, with her loveliness all new, walked haltingly down step by step toward him.

Not a soul about the hotel office had stirred and Glover led her to the retired little parlor, which was warm and dim, to reassure himself that the fluttering girl was all his own. Unable to credit the fullness of their happiness they sat confiding to each other all the sweet trifles, now made doubly sweet, of their strange acquaintance. Before six o'clock and while their seclusion was still their own a hot breakfast was served to them where they sat, and day broke on storm without and lovers within.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT shapes the legends of the Wickiup? Is it because in the winter night the wind never sleeps in the gorge above the old headquarters shack that dispatchers talk yet of; a wind that froze the wolf and the sheep and the herder to marble together? Is it because McGraw runs no more that switchmen tell of the run he made over Sweetgrass the night he sent a plow through eight hundred head of sheep in less than a tenth as many seconds? Could the night that laid the horse and the hunter side by side in the Spider Park drift have been wildest of all wild mountain nights? Or is it because Gertrude Brock and her railroad lover rode out its storm together that mountain men say there was never a storm like that? What shapes the Wickiup legends?



THE COLD MAGNATE OF THE WEST END STOOD BETWEEN THE FOLDING DOORS

For three days Medicine Bend did not see the sun. Veering uneasily, springing from every quarter at once, the wind wedged the gray clouds up the mountain sides only to roll them like avalanches down the ragged passes. At the end of the week snow was falling.

Not until the morning of the third day, when reports came in of unheard-of temperatures in the North and West, did the weather cause real apprehension. The division had never been in such a position to protect its winter traffic—for a year Callahan, Blood and Glover had been overhauling and assembling the old and the new bucking equipment. But the wind settled at last in the northeast, and when it settled the mercury sunk and when it rose the snow fell, roofing the sheds on the passes, leveling the lower gulches and piling up reserves along the cuts.

The first trouble came on the main line in the Heart Mountains, and Morris Blood, with the roadmaster of the sixth district and Benedict Morgan, got after it with a crew together.

Between the C bridge and Potter's Gap they spent two days with a rotary and a flanger and three consolidated engines, and went home leaving everything swept clean only to learn in the morning that west of the gap there was four feet of fresh snow clear to Rozelle. From the northern ranges came unusual reports of the continued severity of the storms. It was hardly a series of storms, for that winter the first storm that crossed the line lasted three weeks.

In the interval Bucks was holding to the directors at Medicine Bend, waiting for the weather to settle enough to send them to the coast. The Pittsburg party waited at Glen Tarn for Mr Brock's word to join him. At the Bend Gertrude made love to her father, forfending the awful moment of disclosure that must come, and the cause of her hidden happiness and trouble strenuously made love to her.

To the joy of the conspirators, Bucks held Glover closely at headquarters, keeping him closeted for long periods on the estimates that were in final cooking for the directors; and so dense are great people and so keen the simple that Gertrude held her lone seat of honor beside her father, at the table of the great financiers in the dining-room, without the remotest suspicion on their parts that the superb woman meeting them three times a day was carrying on a proudly-hidden love affair with the muscular, absorbed looking man who sat alone across the aisle.

But the asthmatic old pastry cook, who weighed at least two hundred and thirty pounds and had not even seen the inside of the dining-room for three years, was thoroughly posted on every observable phase of the affair down to the dessert orders, and no one acquainted with the frank profanity of a mountain meat-cook will doubt that the best of everything went hot from the range to Glover and Gertrude. Dollar tips and five dollar tips from Eastern epicures could not change this, for the meals were served by waitresses who felt a personal responsibility in the issue of the pretty affair of the heart.

The whole second floor of the little hotel had been reserved for the directors' party and among the rooms was the parlor. There Glover called regularly every evening on Mr. Brock, who, somewhat at a loss to understand the young man's interest, excused himself after the first few minutes and left Gertrude to entertain the gentleman who had been *so* kind to everybody that she could not be discourteous even if he was somewhat tedious.

One night after a particularly happy evening near the piano for Gertrude and Glover, Mr Brock, reentering the parlor, found the somewhat tedious gentleman bending very low, as his daughter said good-night, over her hand; in fact, the gentleman that had been so kind to everybody was plainly kissing it.

When Glover recovered his perpendicular the cold magnate of the West End stood between the folding doors looking directly at him; but if the owner of several trunk lines expected his look to inspire consternation he was disappointed. Each of the lovers feared but one person in the world; that was the other. Gertrude, with perhaps an extra touch of dignity, put her compromised hand to her belt for her handkerchief. Glover finished the sentence he was in the middle of—"If I am not ordered out. Good-night."

But when Mr. Brock had turned abruptly on his heel and disappeared between the portières the guilty pair certainly did look at one another.

"Have I got you into trouble now?" murmured Glover penitently. Uneasiness was apparent in her expression, but with her back to the piano Gertrude stood steadfast.

"Not," she said with serious tenderness, "just now. Don't you know? It was the first, the very first, day you looked into my eyes, dear, that you got me into trouble."

Her pathetic sweetness moved him. Then he flamed with determination. He would take the burden on himself—would face her father at once; but she hushed him in real alarm and said that battle she must fight unaided; it was, after all, only a little one, she whispered, after the one she had fought with herself. But he knew she glossed over her anxiety, for when he withdrew, her eyes looked tears though they shed none.

In the morning there were two vacancies at the breakfast-table; neither Gertrude nor her father appeared. When Glover returned to the hotel at five o'clock in the afternoon the first person he saw was Mrs. Whitney. She and Marie with the doctor and Allen Harrison had arrived on the first train out of the Springs in four days and Mrs. Whitney's greeting of Glover in the office was disconcerting. It hardly needed Gertrude's face at dinner, as she tried to brave the storm that had set in, or her reluctant admission when she saw him as she passed up to her room that she and her father had been up nearly the whole of the night before, to complete his depression.

Every effort he made during the evening to speak to Gertrude was balked by some untoward circumstance, but about nine o'clock they met on the parlor floor and Glover led her to the elevator, which was being run that night by Gloomy Battershawl. Gloomy lifted them to the top floor and made busy at the end of the hall while they had five short

(*Continued on Page 18*)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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The Great Maker of Fortunes

IN THE past three years there have been at least that many business crises, each of them serious enough to prostrate the country had it not been tided over. Why does the country still go prosperously on its way?

Not because this or that political party was in power. Not because Congress was so little foolish that it could almost be called wise. Not because Morgan and Rockefeller were "at the helm." Not for any occult reason, neither for any reason to which any man may point and beat himself upon his swelling chest and say "I did it."

No, it was the weather. Good crops at good prices—that's the whole story. Against that combination not our wildest gang of political plunderers, not our craziest clique of financial bandits can prevail. In our blessed land it is the weather that makes and unmakes fortunes, great and small, private and public. Happy land, to be thus beyond the power of the silly or subtle strivings of ambitious men.

The Cave-Man

IN THE great chalk deposits of France were found, a few years ago, two skeletons, probably the oldest in the world. At the back of a cave lay the bones of a woman who had been done to death by a huge stone mallet, while lying across the entrance was the skeleton of a gigantic man who still held in the bones of his hand the weapon with which he had killed her. There was the tragedy of love, jealousy and death spelled out long before the flood. Ages ago this cave man hated and killed. He has not died. Whenever murder comes into the world, there is the black soul of him. He was Cain reeking with blood in the freshly-made world; he was Brutus when he stabbed; he was Judas on the night of the betrayal; wherever war has degenerated into vengeance and slaughter, there he comes to life again. He is the spirit of lust, of hate, of murder. You find him at work in our own wars, in our criminal courts, in the lynchers and in the lynched.

There is a popular tradition of the Wandering Jew, who, because he reviled Christ on Calvary, was cursed by everlasting life on this earth. But the cave-man is the real miserable, undying one. He has crept into the hearts of all of us, and so beslimed and cankered them that we cry out, "Who can deliver me from the body of this death?"

This is only another way of saying that the man of to-day is born the twin brother of the man before the flood. He may be changed afterward; but we repeat, he is born with the same flesh and passions as Adam's first children, dead for ages. If he has a relish for blood, it is just the same appetite as that of Nero or the chieftain of our own red Indians The men who lighted the stakes in Delaware or Georgia, or the brutes who were burned at them, were of precisely the same quality of human stuff as any cannibal or Jew burner of the past centuries.

Now the one question which concerns us all is—how are we to change this human stuff? How are we to make merciful, clear minded, God-loving men and women out of these tainted and murderous kinsfolk of the old cave-man?

Will schools do it? Will the new flood of reading—endless books and newspapers—do it? Will churches do it? And if so, by what methods? This is a question of greater importance than who shall be President or Pope, or how long will the slaughter of stocks go on

For thousands of years the world has been trying to answer it. So far there has come only a confusion of tongues.

What is the answer?

Christ's religion? And if that is the remedy, is it to be clothed in the old dogmas, or in some simpler form which goes direct to the universal soul of the cave-man?

When Two and Two Make Five

SINCE the United States has expanded in both great oceans the people have heard so much and read so much about the new territory—about Hawaii, and Guam, and the Philippines, and Tutuila and the little ones more recently acquired off Borneo, and about Porto Rico—that they have not kept track of the more important developments that have been going on closer home. One of these is an enterprise which in the aggregate means more in productive land and in prosperous population than all the territorial results of the Spanish-American war. And in the middle week of September irrigation will find its most positive expression in what will probably be the greatest convention that Utah has ever known.

It was Utah which first demonstrated in the United States the marvelous possibilities of supplying water to arid acres, and it was in Utah a few months ago that President Roosevelt declared in a public speech that the irrigation law he considered "the second in beneficence to none connected with our internal development since the homestead law was passed"

It is a truly tremendous idea. The river and harbor bill with its fifty millions will shrivel to the size of a bagatelle if irrigation carries out its program. Already over ten millions of dollars have been appropriated for reclaiming the arid lands of the West, but this sum will only begin the work, for we have sixteen States and Territories which possess thousands of square miles of desert and there is no limit to the possibilities of expenditure. Nor, indeed, does there seem to be any limit to the possibilities of irrigated agriculture, for cold mathematical calculation does not hesitate to double, and more, the stupendous and unparalleled figures of American production, provided water is placed on the vast stretches which now lie bare under the scorching sun.

To save the forests and to store the floods is an apt recapitulation of the program. It involves an intensely interesting demonstration of what science is now accomplishing in a practical way. It places a value on every inch of water. It comprehends the spring at the foot of the mountains and estimates dollars and cents in the snow that caps their summits. And thus it combines two purposes. From the fall of the water from the great heights it will secure power to light cities, drive cars and run factories. It will then take the water, guide it in ditches through the blighted valleys and make the desert blossom as the rose.

All this is no dream, no exaggeration, no fantasy, but simply another manifestation of the American spirit. It will cost a marvelous sum, but it will bring marvelous results. Emerson showed that the process of progress was putting two and two together and making five, but no such humble mathematics dull the prospects of irrigation. It expects to put millions together and make billions.

Roosevelt and Renomination

HOW Mr. Roosevelt must envy the politicians and the party organs that are assuring the public that he is as good as reëlected already! But Mr. Roosevelt is far too astute, far too well taught by his twenty-odd years of training in practical politics, to be lulled into false security by these friends—if friends they be.

The election is still a year and more away. The issues are not yet joined. Even his success with the Convention cannot be called a "dead certainty." And if the prosperity shall hold in its fullness until the fall of 1904, is there not a chance that the people, grown accustomed to the favorable results of the weather and hard work, may have become irritable about such details as the equity of the distribution of the profits?

This would be a dull, monotonous world indeed if anything so important as the Presidency of the United States could be "cut and dried" a year and three months in advance. No, the bent pin is still in the middle of the seat of the Executive chair.

The Landscape Gardeners of Justice

IT IS most gratifying to hear the voices of lawyers, both those still in the ranks and those who have been elevated to the bench, loud in denunciation of lynching and in urging that the public conscience be quickened. It would be still more gratifying if these gentlemen learned in the law went on from castigations of the people to self-examination and self-castigation

Justice is the dream of humanity through all the ages And to the lawyers as to no other class, as not to all other classes combined, has humanity looked with hope and trust for the realization of that dream. Yet what do we find? These same lawyers, instead of planning to make broad and level, plain and toll-less the road between the wronged man and his rights, between the wronger and his dues, have planned and still plan that road on lines that a landscape gardener might envy. And at every turning, in every dense thicket through which it leads, or rather wanders vaguely, they have set up a tollgate.

Courts thronged with lawyers; legislatures and congresses swarming with lawyers; statute-books never out of the custody of lawyers; the entire machinery of justice in the possession of lawyers—and lawyers have the face to stand in bland self-righteousness, waxing wroth over sins which are in large measure the result of their own passions for hair splittings, and for fees.

Concerning Courtesy

SOME Americans return from abroad so deeply impressed by the courtesies shown them in expectation of and in exchange for tips that they use their first intake of native air to fall afoul of the native manners. We should listen to these critics as to all—much may be learned from criticism, little can be learned without it. And no doubt our manners do need improving. We have always been in a great hurry under the press of work, and there is still a great deal more to do than our competent doers can find time for. But in polishing our manners we must be careful to use a good sound brand of democratic polish, not the European brand so much admired by those who yearn for a deference from others which they would not venture to show themselves when all alone with the looking-glass.

Back of manners is instinct. Often lack of manners in a man enables us at once to see whether his instincts are right or not. Manners hide moral and mental defects just as whiskers and clothes hide physical defects—that is, manners of European brand. What we ought to develop is sincere manners—not the bowings and scrapings of fear and cupidity and servility and snobbishness, but the level-eyed courtesy of one self-respecting human being to another. And, above all, we don't want the manners that make men and women seem to have no individuality or personal color, but to be cut all out of the same monotonous, mindless pattern.

History as it Happens

WHY does the democratic ideal of equality, helpfulness and self-helpfulness make its way with most difficulty among our educated classes of the college-bred variety? Not altogether because a man with the priceless treasure of a complete education, formally signed and sealed over to him by the faculty of wise men, realizes that he has thus been elevated far above his fellow-beings less fortunate, has been transmogrified into a creature of finer clay; for the full explanation, we must look to the writers and teachers of history How rarely do they tell the story of the past as it was. How often do they gloss over the revolting tyrannies and vices of the coarse and cruel kings, warriors, statesmen, ruling classes. How often do they take these things which, rightly presented, would rouse the indignant contempt of generous youth, and so present them that tyranny seems courage and high spirit, robbery and murder seem the fascinating pastimes of men of noble mould, idleness, viciousness and parasitism seem the elegant modes of true "gentlemen" and "ladies"

Miswritten, mistaught history is responsible for much of the failure to appreciate the grandeur of fair and equal dealing, for much of the sneaking admiration for repulsive evils tricked out in the bright garments of crude or perverted imagination.

The Next Job

WHEREVER you look in France you see the result of patient labor of intelligent hands. The greatest asset of France is the passion of her workers for perfection in detail You see at a glance that with the Frenchman the work has been not a means to an end but an end with itself.

America's greatest asset, on the other hand, has been the passion of her workers for personal advancement. Each job has been regarded not as a lifework but simply as a stepping stone to a better job.

If, in order to get the Frenchman's admirable perfection in detail, we had to sacrifice our impatient ambition, we would better go without it. But is it not possible, indeed is it not wise, to combine the two? Is it not best to base hope of getting a better job on thoroughness in the job in hand? And as America gets away from the period in which there were more jobs than there were workers and advances into the period in which the worker must create his own job, isn't the man who takes "thorough" as his motto likely to save himself from a lot of misfortune in the end?

MEN and WOMEN

FORMER President Cleveland tells with great glee of an experience he had when he was Governor of New York State

There was a public meeting at one of the theatres to which the Governor and his staff were invited. The staff put on their most gorgeous uniforms. There were fifteen or sixteen of them, and they were resplendent in gold lace and cord.

When the party reached the theatre entrance they found so many people there that somebody suggested they should go around and enter by the stage door.

They encountered a stolid stage doorkeeper who had been at his post for years and was used to the wiles of people who want to get behind the scenes.

"Can't get in here," he said gruffly.

"But," said Mr. Cleveland, "I am the Governor."

The doorkeeper looked the Governor over carefully. Apparently he recognized him, for he said: "All right, Governor, you can go in."

Then he waved his hand at the gaudy staff and announced "The band must go around the other way"

Still in the Infant Class

SENATOR PETTUS, of Alabama, the oldest man in the Senate, met General Joe Wheeler, also of Alabama, and no spring chicken himself, a day or two after an interview between Wheeler and the President had been reported

"I see by the public prints," said Pettus, "that the President made an insulting reference to you."

"Why," exclaimed Wheeler, "the President didn't insult me."

"Yes, he did; he called you his old friend, and it makes my blood boil to hear a young chap like you called old."

The Strenuous Speller

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT sent a note to Attorney General Knox about a United States Marshal for one of the Western States. In spelling "marshal" the President used two "l's."

"I see," snickered a young clerk to whom the communication was referred, "that the President has used two 'l's' in marshal."

"Young man," Mr. Knox replied, "don't let that worry you. He can use seventeen 'l's' in it if he wants to and it will still be official."

An Item for Explorers

SENATOR BEVERIDGE, of Indiana, had plenty of fun during the last Presidential campaign in walking about Indianapolis, when he was not otherwise engaged, and listening to the street-corner orators.

"One night," says the Senator, "I heard an impassioned speaker telling what free silver had and had not done for the world at large. He got down to France. 'Look at France!' he said, 'France, that beautiful isle of the sea ——'"

Too Much for Hanna

THE tremendous vigor and energy of President Roosevelt are the constant admiration of the men in politics at Washington, most of whom are pretty active themselves

Senator Hanna spent half an hour with the President a few days before the President left for Oyster Bay. When he came out Hanna said: "Whew! I used to think I was a steamboat for work, but he beats me all hollow."

The Tuneful Song of the Pension Hunter

AMONG the gems in the collection of Commissioner Ware, head of the great Pension Bureau at Washington, is this letter from a man who wants a pension:

"I got wrong in my pipes and when my pipes wasn't wet I whistled. I didn't whistle no song, but just a plain stringy whistle. They wasn't no mocking-bird business about it, for it showed sorrow. And another thing, I didn't whistle when I was happy for the sicker I was the better I whistled."

A Malodorous Proposition

SENATOR QUARLES, of Wisconsin, was making a speech on oleomargarine. He was opposed to the movement to reduce the tax on that substitute for butter

"Mr. President," he said earnestly, "this proposition smells to Heaven It reminds me of an opinion delivered by an old judge in my State He said: 'This application is illegal. It has fraud—f r o-a-d—written all over it."

An Unpractical Trade

A CLEVER conjuror came to Washington and, with the aid of a cleverer press agent, was hired to attend many dinner-parties and give exhibitions of his skill

One night last season Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, wanted him and wrote, asking for an engagement

"I am sorry," the conjuror replied, "but I have another engagement on that night, and I cannot be in two places at once"

When Senator Lodge received the letter he turned it over and wrote on the back: "Why not, if you are really a wizard?"

As They Say Down South

SENATOR BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, speaks with the soft Southern accent the novelists always give to their Blue Grass heroines.

"Can you tell me, suh," he asked of one of the doorkeepers at the Senate last March, "whether Senator Hoah is on the flo'?"

Senator Frye, a great chum of Blackburn's and an inveterate tease, came by and heard the question.

"No, suh," he replied; "Senator Hoah is not on the flo'. He went out that do' at half-past fo'."

A Rescuer in Distress

NOT so very long ago there was a big fire in Portland, Maine. A large number of houses were burned and many people left shelterless.

The mayor of Portland, Oregon, saw a chance to make a play. He rushed to the telegraph office as soon as he heard of the fire and telegraphed to the mayor of the Maine city

"Portland, Oregon, sympathizes with you in your affliction What can we do for you?"

The mayor of Portland, Maine, was touched by this offer of assistance from the mayor of the namesake city. He wired back: "Best thanks for your offer of assistance. We need food and clothing and money to pay for both, for the desolate."

Meantime there had been a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of Portland, Oregon, and those hard-headed citizens could find no excuse for reaching across the continent to help the burned-out in Portland, Maine They refused to back up the mayor's telegram.

That official was in dire distress. He did not know what to do, but, after long thought, he let himself out with this dispatch.

"Much obliged for your prompt reply. I merely asked for information."

The Orator and the Cheerful Chairman

BERIAH WILKINS, who is now the owner of the Washington Post, was once a member of Congress from an Ohio district. Mr. Wilkins is not an orator. He rarely made speeches.

During his campaign he was notified to come to a small town on the edge of his district to attend a meeting. A noted spellbinder had been secured, and Mr. Wilkins was expected to be there and shake hands and show himself

When Wilkins arrived at the village he was horror-stricken to find the spellbinder had missed his train and would not be there

"Come right up to the hall," said the chairman of the delegation that met him. "There is a big crowd there and they are getting anxious to hear some talking."

Wilkins went up in fear and trembling. He was introduced and talked for fifteen minutes. He started to sit down, but the chairman motioned him to continue. He went on for another quarter of an hour, and by that time had told all he knew or ever expected to know that was of interest to his audience.

Then he dropped into his chair. The man who was presiding came cheerfully forward and said: "We have heard our candidate. Now, if there is anybody present who can make a speech we shall be glad to hear him."

From a Perplexed Political Economist

WHEN the fight against Cuban reciprocity was at its bitterest point in Congress, Senator Burrows, of Michigan, received this letter from a perplexed but earnest constituent

"Dear Senator: If this here receprosty bisnes is fixed between us and Cuba as they say we'll have to grow our own tobac or else make them Cubans rich enough to buy the hull country. I do a littel chawin' myself and I don't b'lieve in buildin' up no trust. I'd like to raise my own plug. I ain't no hand to ask favors, but if you could sent me a package of terbac seed it would be remembered

"P. S. I want to raise the kind of plug with tin things onto it."

An Impediment to Plain Speaking

SENATOR BERRY, of Arkansas, is one of the story-tellers of the Democratic cloakroom

"Down in Pike County," he said, "we had a trial I attended once where a man named Joinson was on the stand Joinson was for the defense, and the way he was setting things straight was a caution.

'Here,' said the attorney for the prosecution when he took Joinson in hand, 'I want you to stop prevaricating. Don't you know you are under oath?'

"'Stop what?' asked the witness.

"'Stop prevaricating.'

"The witness drew himself up with great dignity. 'Well,' he said, 'I'd like to know how a man can help prevaricatin' when he's lost two front teeth?'"

A Definition of a Definition

SENATOR STEWART, of Nevada, mountainous and gray-bearded, used the word "intrinsic" in a speech before a committee.

"Here," interrupted Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, "you didn't use that word right."

"What word?" asked Senator Stewart.

"Why, 'intrinsic.'"

"Yes, I did."

"Webster doesn't say so."

"Webster? What Webster?"

"Webster's Dictionary."

"Now, see here," growled Stewart, "I am tired of having that book quoted at me. Why, every schoolboy knows it is a mere jumble of words."

"Ah, Take the Cash and Let the Credit Go!"

"DOWN in our country," said Representative John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, "cash is sometimes a scarce commodity.

"Last spring a man came in from the North and bought a sawmill of one of our citizens. He paid $500 cash for it.

"They were discussing the transaction at the country store that night and had gone over it in all its details. Aaron Smith, one of the hard-up men of the community, sat and listened. After the subject had been exhausted he said: 'Well, there's one thing about it. I can't for the life of me see what a man with $500 in cash wants of a sawmill.'"

LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

THE SHORT CUT TO FAME — It proves as steep for the writers as for the get-rich-quick men.

¶ There is evidence of a well-defined conviction among American writers that the much-heralded and often-acclaimed American novel is ready in the rough for whoever shall have eyesight to divine it and strength to fashion it forth from the formless present. It may be said that the evidence so far shows rather an intellectual conviction than an impulse of enthusiasm, and we know that it is not by demonstration but out of fitness and ardor that enduring work is wrought; but at least the conviction is sound and may pass at the worth — which is not much in art — of what good reasoning will bring. The proof runs something like this.

(1) All great art has been national;
(2) All national art has clothed and vivified its figures with the customs and attributes of the present:
(3) Therefore I will write of the present and clothe and vivify my figures with the customs and attributes of my times.

It is a perfect syllogism, but the muses are difficult mistresses and will not be so coldly wooed and won. They delight to mix the feet of the too confident suitor. If he thinks the past sterile and outworn they show him the present tangled and uncharted. The century of the Merry Monarch comes, so to speak, ready-made to you, simplified and typified. Every field is fenced and every hillock named. A Puritan is dour and uncompromising, a Cavalier is brave and reckless, a Courtier of Versailles polished and witty, a Pirate bold and bloody; all the wines are of the best vintage and every pot has its handle: but a down-town broker, an up-State politician, that nebulous thing a "prominent citizen" — how will you get hold of *him*, how will you make him significant? What does he mean in the great catalogue of human progress, on what hook in the great property-room of human character hangs his coat? There is no one to tell you. The only answerer is genius.

Nevertheless the effort of contemporary fiction is wisely directed. A glance will show how widely diffused it is. To take only a handful of the better known examples, there is Miss Wilkins with her little classic-cut cameos of New England granite, there is Mr. Joel Chandler Harris working in the rich field of negro folklore, Mr. Wister with his Virginian, Mr. London with his gold miners, and more ambitiously, perhaps, Mr. Churchill with The Crisis. Nor should mention be missed of The Octopus and The Pit of the late Frank Norris. All this is to-day, and some of it is life, but how much of it is national? To be sure, Mr. Wister, writing in his preface, maintains that the Virginian is as truly historical as — the page is not open on the table, perhaps he does not mention names; and that Scipio and his friend will no more return to us than Columbus and his caravels. But neither will yesterday. And all writing is a record of what went before. What is part of the author's personal experience and observation cannot for any broad uses be called historical.

GORDON KEITH — A novel of purpose and breadth that yet falls short of high accomplishment.

¶ Gordon Keith, *(Charles Scribners' Sons)* Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's new novel, is historical only in this shadowy sense. Gordon Keith is the son of General Keith, of the Keiths of Elphinstone. He comes into early manhood with the ruin of his father's fortunes by the war. A lad of pluck, he works his way through college, with some assistance from friends, by teaching school. He becomes a civil engineer, he has the foresight to recognize the values in Western Virginia coal lands, he makes money, buys back the old place and, after a first-love affair, marries happily, with his father's pleased approbation, in the last chapter. A sufficiently conventional scaffolding, but one to house a structure that must have been long in mind. Thomas Nelson Page was born in 1853 and all that he describes in the fortunes of his hero might well have fallen within his own ken. The spirit of his approach to a subject still tender to touch for a Virginian — the errors and crimes of reconstruction — is mellow and considerate. Emphasis is to be laid not on the mistakes and the wrongs, but on the slow, sure growth of right out of and over wrong. The reconstruction you are to watch is one of character under a wider contact with ideas and men — a nation in the making. No such a readjustment of the conventions of a civilization has ever before been compressed into the lifetime of one man. Those who lived through it and have the power to write of it are few and grow fewer with the years. It were a pity that no adequate record should survive. Gordon Keith is not that record, nor has it yet appeared. Perhaps it is never to appear — who wrote the epic of the Punic Wars? And surely there must have been more meat in the Conquest of Gaul than all the nut-cracking grammarians have yet dug out of Cæsar's Commentaries. Perhaps, like the Romans, ours is to be a message of law and order, not of beauty and melody.

Yes, Gordon Keith is an ambitious novel. It sets itself a large task. The bare outline given of the hero's fortunes does not suggest the variety and range of his acquaintance. He meets everybody. He is put resolutely about his business of being a hero, and if he does not wholly carry it through, the fault is not that his task was misapprehended but that his creator was not equal to it. It is again the muses who will not be wooed by formulæ. It is the musician who reads the notes and strikes the keys but cannot make the music speak. It is the short-story writer hampered and unsure when he must stretch the larger octaves of the novel. There is a sense of unreality and manipulation. What is one to say to Theophilus Balsam, for a country doctor; Doctor Grammar, a schoolmaster; Mr. Greene Bagge, a lawyer, and Plume, a dissipated journalist? Do those names convince? It reminds one of Sir Anthony Absolute, Captain Lucius O'Trigger and Lady Lydia Languish — and it distinctly strikes a false note. It did very well, it did as well as could be, it was wholly in keeping with the stiff graces and mannered courtships of an eighteenth century watering-place — but a mountain mining-camp! Ah, no; as Stevenson said, "we cannot write like those old fellows," and there is no reason why we should try.

There is, too, a great deal of mistiness about the finance of Gordon Keith. Things happen. You know it because you are told so, and because it is obviously convenient that they should; but you do not long for them, or dread them. You never feel the sense of doom that chills the air before the coming catastrophe. It reminds you of Mr. Whistler's "I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." Things do not shape themselves under the artist's hand — they are passed out to you ready-made. Ferdy Wickersham, the villain, is as black a villain as was ever born of an ink-pot. Iago was not wickeder; but with Iago, like Hamlet's dead king, you go a progress through the windings of corruption in a noble nature. You have, not a lesson, but the argument for one. You have awe for the workings of a relentless and mighty, if malign, process. With Ferdy you have, not a lesson either, but a spectacle. There he is, such as he is, with no better use than to turn from. All facts without their antecedents, their mitigations and their consequences, are stupid; and if, in addition, they happen to be ugly, they are that and nothing more.

Keith, himself, fares better. Setting aside the jerky episodic conduct of his adventures, there is moral growth in the man's own nature. He justifies, though imperfectly, the part given him. He does typify the conflicting forces of which he is the product, and in whatever reality he has lies the value of a novel which, ambitious in conception and nobly planned in purpose, falls short of the success it deserved in accomplishment.

THE EXPERT IN HUMAN NATURE — Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith takes the part in a wholesome, genial spirit.

¶ There was once an amiable old gentleman who when asked by the editor to give a list of the hundred best books to take to Robinson Crusoe's Island answered that he was sure he could never so narrow his choice — he liked pretty much everything that was literature. Probably if he had been pushed for a definition of literature he would have again answered: pretty much everything that makes up human nature.

Fielding, too, in one of those prefatory chapters which have made the censure of all critics because they have been the despair of all imitators, has something the same sort of apology to offer for putting nothing better than human nature into his Tom Jones — he could claim, he said, no originality for the book. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith in his latest volume of short stories, The Under Dog, *(Charles Scribners' Sons)* has a moment of satiric comment on this, man's fittest study. "I flatter myself," he says, standing at a train-shed gate, "that I can tell the moment I set my eyes on a man just what manner of life he leads, what language he speaks, whether he be rich or poor, educated or ignorant. I can do all this before he opens his mouth. I have never been proud of this faculty. I have regarded it more as a gift — I was born that way, I suppose." So he stands at the gate and identifies his fellow-passengers as they take berth on the night car for Paris — the Director of the Circus, the Pigeon Charmer, the Bareback Rider, the Lightning Calculator and the others of the troupe. And when they pull into the Gare du Nord at Paris and explanations are in order, it appears the Pigeon Charmer is a Princess, the Director a banker, the Lightning Calculator a German tutor to the Princess' two boys — who the night before had been acrobats; and so on down the line. It has been wisely said that every man, however miserable, is always satisfied with two things his share of common-sense and his ability to read character.

Elsewhere in the book Mr. Smith refers to himself as a "staid old painter," and rather gives you to understand that it is merely by accident and rather to the detriment of his serious work that he bumps into all his interesting folk. Never believe him. He is always the expert in human nature, watching the passengers file through the gate — and for the most part, be it said, he has better luck than was his at Cologne! All sorts of people go through the gate — barkeepers, sailormen, doctors, lawyers, moonshiners, waiters, chorus girls, cab drivers, painters, soldiers, negroes. Each one has his story, but the story is the excuse — it is for the most part "slight" — the man's the thing, the man with his human heart.

"See that fellow there?" says the author, as he hooks his arm through yours. "Well, walk up and down with me a minute while I tell you a curious thing about him." It is preeminently the raconteur's art — a familiar colloquial strain full of suggestive detail and touches that in talk would be emphasized with a gesture or a pause, preaching without any homilies the well-learned and easily-forgotten lesson of human brotherhood. A cosmopolitan shifts the scenes but an American holds the audience.

A BAD YEAR FOR NOVELISTS — And the old explanation of calling the public names won't account for it.

¶ This is a bad year for the novelists, so the publishers say. As more people are reading than ever before, and as they are reading more papers, magazines and books than ever before, the explanation of the decline in circulation must be sought further.

Are they writing poorer books? No! the output this year is equal to if not above that of last fall or last spring. The old romancers are writing better and the new crop understand better the art of writing. Is the public weary of yarn-spinners? No! fiction still leads at the libraries with almost everything else far behind, and the standard novels are selling well.

The only plausible explanation thus far offered is that some of the publishers have overdone the advertising of poor books, the puffery of mediocre books. As very few people are broad enough to realize that they are a part of "the public," the notion that "the public is an ass" very slowly if at all declines in popularity. Yet demonstrations of the falsity of this notion are as frequent as efforts to prove it true. And as for the reading public, it is not in the least an ass — though it calls itself one when it buys a book that in no respect answers to the advertised description of it.

In dealing with men of sense, whether publicly or privately, it is never other than foolish to overstep, and it is usually wise and always prudent to understate.

FOX TALK
"The good of the old, the best of the new."

..Additional Facts.. About Typewriters

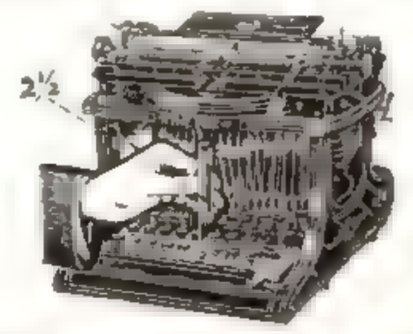
KEY TENSION: [illegible]

CARRIAGE TENSION: [illegible]

Contrasts make things plain. We have been advertising that the FOX TYPEWRITER had a much lighter touch and an easier action than other machines, but cold type does not convey the impression that a photograph will give, and we are showing herewith actual photographs of the key tension and the carriage tension of the Fox, and in contrast therewith we show photographs of the key tension and the carriage tension of another typewriter which nearest approaches it in very important points.

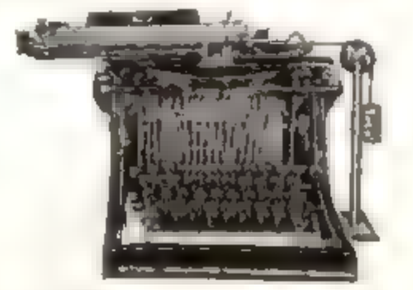
[illegible] put a letter on the typewriter shown in the [illegible] it is necessary to expend 14 [illegible] depressed. Writing 50 words [illegible] of force which [illegible] on the FOX TYPEWRITER [illegible]

The FOX TYPEWRITER accomplishes the same result as the above with a 2½ oz key tension. This is secured by our improved construction and the fact that we have a direct pull on the typebar. It means that an operator on the Fox TYPEWRITER only expends as much energy in 5 days' labor as another operator on the other typewriter expends in one day. Thousands of Fox operators testify to this fact.



To return the carriage to commence a new line on the [illegible] requires a force of 2½ lbs. This carriage [illegible] cumbersome.

To return the carriage on the FOX TYPEWRITER to commence a new line requires only an expenditure of ¼ of a lb. The carriage runs on ball bearings and is frictionless.



The above features, aside from any others, make the Fox Typewriter the most desirable to purchase from the standpoint of both the buyer and the operator. Take advantage of our Free Trial plan and see for yourself. Catalogue mailed on request.

Fox Typewriter Co., Limited
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Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities

New Fall Suits

$8 to $40.

Made to Order In One Week.

OUR New Fall and Winter Catalogue is ready. This season shows great changes in styles and tricks, and Lucky Who wishes to be in fashion will certainly need a new [illegible]

Our New Catalogue illustrates 136 of the latest New York styles, and our improved measurement diagram insures such perfect fitting garments that you will find the purchase of your Fall and Winter outfit a decided pleasure. We can save you all the usual dressmaking troubles.

We carry a stock of over 400 fashionable all-wool cheviots, cassimeres and worsteds from which you can select. They are [illegible] shoddy mixtures. We [illegible] to you, saving you the storekeeper's profit of from $5 to $20 on each garment. We keep no ready made goods, but make everything to measure, thus insuring perfection of fit and finish.

We guarantee to fit you. Anything that does not give entire satisfaction may be returned promptly, and your money will be refunded.

Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailored Suits, $8 to $40.
Church and Visiting Costumes, $12 to $40.
New Style Skirts, $4 to $20.
Fall and Winter Jackets, $8 to $35.

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.

All letters answered by young women of taste and experience in matters of dress, who will, if you desire, aid you in selecting styles and materials. When you send your order they will work after it while it is in the cutter's hands, and will give it the same care and attention that it would have if it were made under your own eyes by your own dressmaker.

The Catalogue and a large assortment of the newest samples will be sent FREE on request. Be sure to say you wish the New Fall Catalogue No. 51. Mention whether you wish samples for Suits or Cloaks, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

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PIANO

Our unique method of selling may interest you. Where no dealer sells our pianos we sell direct; practically bring our large Boston establishment—Factory and Warerooms—to your door. We will quote you our lowest prices, explain our Easy Pay System, as available in the most remote village in the United States as if you lived in Boston or New York. More than this—if our careful selection of a piano fails to please you, in other words, if you don't want it after seeing and trying it, it returns to us and we pay all railroad freights both ways. We solicit [illegible]

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INVENTORS

Write for our "Special Proposition." We [illegible] PATENT OF CHARGE NOTHING for our Services.

20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

C.C Shepherd, Patent Att'y, 918 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

The Reading Table

Into the Waste-Basket

SECRETARY SHAW'S recent offer to exchange maturing bonds for long-time bonds at a lower rate of interest gave half a dozen clerks of the Treasury Department an unexpected object lesson in economy of funds, public and private.

Into one of the offices one afternoon walked a middle-aged man in shabby clothing, with uncut hair and beard, who asked timidly for the place where Secretary Shaw would exchange bonds. He was directed to the proper official and, after cautiously worded inquiries, said he should like to make the exchange.

"Have you bonds to exchange?" asked the chief.

"A few," was the guarded reply.

"How many?"

In answer he opened his closely buttoned, worn coat, displaying a frayed high waistcoat, with under it a soiled shirt, which, in turn, discovered a second, more shabby and more soiled. Under all, around his neck, hung a thin leather bag, and from it he drew bonds for fifty dollars up, till they amounted to $95,000. The clerks glanced at each other in surprise and routine work suffered.

Business hours closed before the exchange could be effected and the visitor was told to return the next day, when the papers would be ready for his signature. He replaced the bonds in the bag around his neck and securely fastened each garment over the precious package. Promptly in the morning he appeared, more unkempt than before. It was evident he had passed a sleepless night guarding his treasure.

A clerk volunteered the remark that he would have enough for his old age.

"I hope so," he answered quietly. "I earn my living at my trade and use the interest to buy another bond."

When his signature was requested he asked for paper to practice on, as he was unused to writing. The clerk gave him a tablet, on which he wrote his name in a slow and painstaking manner till a page was filled. Still he was unsatisfied. The attentive clerk tore off the leaf, which he dropped in the waste basket, for if there is one thing with which a Government clerk is prodigal, it is a writing-tablet.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man, "don't waste that; let me use the other side." And on the opposite side he wrote till he was ready to sign the documents.

After the soiled, worn clothing had closed over the new bonds and the owner had departed, thanking the clerks for their kindness, the clerk before mentioned picked up the sheet and looked steadily at the closely written signatures covering both sides.

"Boys," he said solemnly, "that is where my bonds and yours have gone—into the waste-basket!"

The Peevish Python

IN THE scientific study of the flora and fauna of the Philippine Islands many surprises are constantly encountered. Both as naturalist and as member of the Philippine Commission, Dr. Dean C. Worcester has taken vital interest in the systematic study of plant and animal life throughout the archipelago. He has found specimens of new and strange species in both kingdoms, and has been compelled more than once to include as established facts what he had formerly scouted as extravagant tales of travelers.

One day a native, greatly excited, hurried into his headquarters and, exhibiting a stick, said that eight times its measurement was the length of a mammoth snake which he and some of his countrymen had made captive. Doctor Worcester's experience with Filipinos seeking to sell monsters to the Government had taught him that what were gigantic pythons to natives would likely shrink to commonplace proportions under disinterested inspection. In this particular emissary from the jungle, however, there was such an appearance of wild alarm that Doctor Worcester was impressed with the possibility that perhaps at last a colossal python had been found. If the native's reported measurements were correct, the snake would be over twenty feet long. A piece of ratten two feet in length was exhibited as the measurement of the creature's girth.

Rendered cautious by former dealings with imaginative native collectors, the Philippine Commissioner made a tentative offer for the python. If it measured just twenty-two feet the payment was to be six dollars. For every foot in excess of twenty-two one dollar was to be added to the price; for every foot less, one dollar was to be deducted. Six dollars will make some of the native Filipinos as jubilant as if they had inherited a fortune, yet there was in this man's almost delirious acceptance of the offer an eagerness that convinced Doctor Worcester that he was about to secure a specimen of startling size.

The native explained that they had captured the python while it was asleep, had securely lashed it with powerful rattans and had succeeded in moving it a mile; but as they were still six miles from the Commissioner's headquarters, and as the great snake had awakened and was not agreeable to the method of transportation, there was no certainty as to when the goods would be delivered.

At this information Doctor Worcester decided to go to the snake, whereupon the delighted guide led the way. Six miles distant a group of excited natives were collected and the American naturalist, in order to get a view of surrounding objects, stepped up on what appeared to be a huge log. A writhing motion beneath him and a startling and venomous hiss at the end of the moving log made him execute an alarmed retreat, which was greatly to the amusement of the native spectators.

Returning, Doctor Worcester saw that they had passed green rattans around the python from head to tail and had secured the free ends to boulders and trees. The fact, however, that the snake could writhe while all these powerful cords were drawn taut made the Doctor proceed with caution. He had armed himself with chloroform. A bunch of absorbent cotton saturated with this he tied to the end of a long bamboo pole and held it in the python's face. That monster struck at it, catching the cotton in its recurved teeth. Unable to be rid of its annoyance, the snake began to feel the effects of the chloroform and, in a muscular effort to withstand the subtle influence of the drug, gave an exhibition of brute force which Doctor Worcester believes to be unparalleled in the annals of natural history.

In the twinkling of an eye, without spasmodic movement and, in fact, without apparent effort, the monster snapped scores of green rattan ropes three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

But one rope remained intact. That was around the creature's head and stretched forward on a line with its body. Now getting a hold around a stump with its tail, the python began a steady pull that would soon have either parted the big rope or severed its head from its body.

At this juncture, however, the chloroform began to have its effect.

Doctor Worcester now administered more of the drug, and then, venturing nearer, poured all he had down the python's windpipe. The naturalist made haste to skin the prize before it could return to consciousness. He had not proceeded far before the giant reptile awoke. Then ensued a highly exciting encounter between man and python that suggested the fabled contests with the dragons.

Either to be struck by the monster or to be caught in the folds of its body would mean instant death. Acting at a moment when it lay at full length and could not strike, the intrepid zoölogist, noting the pulse-beat of the creature, located its heart and, boldly plunging a bolo into the vital spot, ended the python's life.

It measured twenty-two feet and a half and weighed nearly four hundred pounds.

Tom Reed in Masquerade

ONE hot summer day the late Tom Reed was sitting in a hammock at Manhattan Beach dressed from top to toe in immaculate white flannels relieved by a red necktie and a blue sash. His feet were drawn up and as he clasped his knees in his hands he seemed to be thinking deeply. Senator Depew happened along.

"Hello, Tom," said the Senator, "you seem to be taking it easy. But why this troubled look on your brow?"

"Some of our folks are going to give a fancy-dress ball to-morrow night," drawled the ex-Czar slowly, "and I've got to go. I'm wondering what in the world I can go as."

"That's easy, Tom," replied the Senator quickly; "add just one more dash of color and go as an Easter-egg."

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IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

They yield the height of true home comfort, healthfulness and cleanliness. What is now enjoyed by the first citizen of our land is within the reach of the humblest householder.

Hot Water or Steam

is now simply and cheaply put in houses already erected without tearing partitions or in any way altering the building.

They relieve the household of dirt and drudgery and pay for themselves in fuel economy and absence of repairs.

Made in sizes to fit 3-room cottages to 90-room public buildings, etc. Send today for valuable booklet (free).

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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

because it is pure, rich milk from our own dairies, with the extract of malted grain, already prepared and reduced to powder form by our own special process—nutritious, easily digested, containing everything needed for the upbuilding of the child. Its use prevents the summer troubles incident to impure milk and improper feeding. Thousands of healthy children attest its value. Keeps in all climates. Convenient to carry and prepare when traveling. *No* cooking or addition of milk required. Ask your physician about it.

Very sustaining and strengthening for nursing mothers—a delicious invigorating food-drink for everybody, ready in a moment by stirring in water.

Used and sold everywhere—at all druggists.

SAMPLE If you are not using it, send for a trial package, charges prepaid **FREE**

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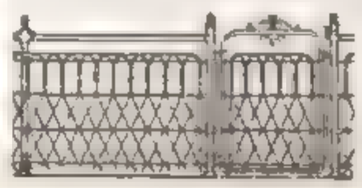

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for [illegible] parks, cemeteries, etc. Fine specimens of [illegible] and fence architecture good for a lifetime of first class service. Catalog showing styles 10c. to 50c a ft., FREE.

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Men holding high grade positions, who would not dare to advertise for better ones tell us what they want, because we act confidentially in their interests and secure for them just the places they are looking for.

Our methods make placing the **right man in the right place** a comparatively simple matter

Our booklet tells of the success we have had in placing high grade Executive, Clerical and Technical men

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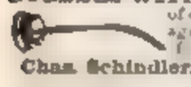

Chas. Schindler, 1611 Washington Street, Toledo, Ohio

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE SALAD PLANT—It furnishes its own dressing and you only have to pick and eat it

UDO, a curious Japanese salad plant which might be said to be its own butler or steward, inasmuch as it produces, through some secret of Oriental cultivation, a tender stalk which virtually is lettuce, celery and pineapple combined, is to be introduced into the United States by the Department of Agriculture.

Although this valuable plant has been grown from ancient times in China, where it is called t'y-tang-kuei, and was introduced into Japan many years ago, it is unknown to the Western world. In fact, old American and European residents in Yokohoma at this day have been kept in ignorance of the remarkable composite qualities of udo. Recently an alert American woman in Japan discovered the dish, and learning that Mr. Barbour Lathrop was in that country on an expedition in search of valuable seeds and plants for introduction into the United States, invited him to a dinner at which udo was served.

There was set before the expert a dish of foam-white shavings of a plant he had never seen before. First he thought it was some Oriental form of celery, but as it had also a decided flavor of young lettuce combined with a delicious suggestion of pineapple, he believed that he was enjoying a skillfully combined salad. When informed that it was the product of a single plant, he decided at once that it should be grown in the United States, and arrangements have been made for its American introduction.

Udo salad is as crisp as the tenderest shoots of celery, but unlike that vegetable, it has no stringy fibres. The fact that the edible young shoots of the udo plant are abundant throughout the winter months adds greatly to its value. The Department of Agriculture predicts that it will be as popular throughout the world as celery or asparagus.

There are two varieties of the plant. Kan udo is raised from seeds, while moyashi udo, which produces fresh sprouts all winter, is grown from cuttings. Both varieties produce a root stalk which sends out shoots year after year. For a decade after the initial planting, the farmer has only to harvest the crop. After that period the field is replanted. The cultivation of this salad plant in America promises abundant profit. Even in Japan sixteen shoots frequently sell for twenty-five cents.

AN INDOOR ORCHARD—You can raise kumquats in the house for anything from pies to pickles.

AS A USEFUL and picturesque plant for conservatories, the kumquat, in the opinion of pomologists, is unsurpassed by any species in the whole citrus genus. Though it is not adapted to cold climates, it may be readily cultivated indoors in pots. As the tree is a dwarf, it is possible to grow a whole grove in one's house. It is not only exceedingly ornamental, but its fruit, which grows to about the size of a lemon, is highly palatable, though how to describe it is another matter, inasmuch as it seems not to be suggestive of anything else in nature.

As a table delicacy kumquats are just beginning to be appreciated in Florida, where they frequently sell for one dollar the quart. The fruit may be eaten raw. It does not have a peel like an orange. Its rind is spicy and aromatic, and furnishes a most refreshing relish to the acidity of the fruit. Cut from the tree with leaves attached, the kumquat provides a table decoration both unique and artistic. The name of the fruit is a Chinese word, meaning "golden orange." It has been known in various parts of Asia as kin kuit, kin kan, chantu, and fime tats bana. Its scientific name is *Citrus japonica*.

It is predicted that in conservatories in many parts of the country groves of these highly prized dwarf citrus trees will be introduced. There are two varieties of the kumquat. The fruit of the Nagami kumquat has the oblong shape of the olive, and is about one and a half inches long. It is divided usually into five sections. It has from two to five seeds. The Marumi kumquat is more nearly spherical. If bruised it radiates a delicious aroma. It has from four to seven sections and from one to three seeds. Both varieties are golden yellow, and both have a combination of flavors found in no other fruit

Though the fruit is exquisite and the plant one of the rarest productions of the nursery, the kumquat is a very hardy little tree. Grafted on the stock of the pomelo, sweet orange, rough lemon, sour orange or *Citrus trifoliata* its thriftiness and fruit-bearing capacity are increased. Aside from the value of the fresh fruit as a table delicacy, rare jams are made from it. The Chinese export in small stone jars great quantities of kumquat preserves. Agricultural chemists have been analyzing these products and are prepared to furnish recipes for their manufacture to kumquat growers in the United States.

The kumquat should not be confounded with the loquat *(Photinia japonica)*, a Japanese evergreen tree which has long been cultivated throughout the milder portions of the United States, where it is attaining much importance in the fruit industry.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR HEMP—Ropes made of Olona fibre are lighter, stronger and more durable.

IN THE insular possessions of the United States in the Pacific Ocean the Department of Agriculture is about to inaugurate olona farming, an industry which gives promise both of contributing significantly to the prosperity of those islands and of introducing to commerce a commodity of great value in the textile arts.

Ordinary-sized ropes made of olona fibre are reported by scientific investigators to be silken in their fineness and as strong as a ship's hawser. Ropes, nets and fish-lines are found to be impervious to the action of salt water. In Hilo, an aged native fisherman was found using an olona trawl which he had inherited from his grandfather. The line still seemed to be as strong as a steel rope Olona is also remarkably light. Strands that weigh no more than twine have the strength of wire. Garments woven of this fibre, though delicate in texture, are said to be almost indestructible, and with ordinary use will outlast the lifetime of the wearer

Recently the Hawaiian Experimental Station, conducting scientific investigations in regard to the possibilities of native plants made the discovery of olona's remarkable value. As it was found to belong to the same general order as the ramie *(Bœhmeria nivea)* a nettle manufactured into the famous Canton linen, the official botanists were greatly interested. At first, however, they feared that if it presented as serious difficulties as ramie, which requires special and costly machinery for the extraction of the fibre, it would for a long time be of little value to practical commerce

Analysis soon disclosed that olona, unlike ramie, is entirely free from resinous matter. This discovery led the United States Government to send a botanical expedition into the forests of Olaa. An aged native was found who in his young manhood had harvested olona for Hawaiian chiefs. Along twenty-two miles of a mountain trail he guided the American scientists to a dense forest. In porous soil under that shade, where the rainfall is not less than 180 inches per annum, the members of the expedition were shown the abandoned growth of an ancient royal plantation of olona.

There he cut the shrubs, stripped them of bark, and with crude tools that had not been in use for two generations proceeded to prepare the fibre and manufacture it into rope Every detail of the old man's work was carefully noted and recorded by the scientists, and on the knowledge thus gleaned the United States Government will make possible modern manufacture by machinery of valuable olona articles.

An interesting and important fact in regard to olona is that it thrives best in the shade of tropical forests two thousand feet above sea level. Scientists of the Department of Agriculture predict that the profits of olona cultivation will be so great that it will be to the interests of growers to preserve these mountain forests for their shade.

PARKER
"LUCKY CURVE"
Fountain Pen

I attribute the supremacy of the Parker "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pen to the years of thought I have given to its perfection. I will guarantee every fountain bearing my name to give its owner satisfaction and also guarantee any of them against breakage, accidents or otherwise, for one year. (See Webster's Dictionary.) I could not do this if I did not make an honest pen, a pen capable of many years of satisfactory use.

Parker Pens are made in various styles, to suit varied requirements, such as correspondence, shorthand writing, book keeping, drawing (that is, a long or short or fine or coarse or original open at one writing), and, in fact, for every purpose where writing is done. No student is properly equipped whose outfit does not include one of these pens. They range in price, starting at $1.50, to $2.00, $2.50, and upward, according to size and ornamentation. A more moderate priced pen, the Palmer, I sell for $1.00. If you cannot find one of the 9000 dealers that sell the Parker Pen, order direct from me. I would like to send you one of our beautifully illustrated Catalogues. It will give you more information than I have room for here.

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P. S.—If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a Fountain Pen, I will send you complimentary, a 6 in. Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamps for postage—to others 12 cts

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THE BOSS

(Continued from Page 7)

elbows of the enemy, waiting for the signal. The polling-booth was a small frame construction not much larger than a Saratoga trunk. On other occasions it served as the office of a wood and coal concern. The table with the ballot-box stood squarely in the door, and behind it were the five or six officers—judges and tally clerks—of election. There was a great crush and crowd of Big Kennedy's clansmen, which entirely surrounded the little building and choked up the path so that those who had still to vote couldn't push through. There arose, too, a deal of shoving and jostling with a running uproar of profanity; affairs appeared to be drifting toward the disorderly.

Big Kennedy crossed to where I stood.

"Send your boys along!" said he. "Let's see now how good you are."

My whistle screamed the signal. At the first sharp note a cry went up:

"The Tin Whistles! The Tin Whistles!"

As the Tin Whistles fell upon their victims the press of men that surged about the polling-place suddenly set in to shout and strain and push. The small building began to heave and lift suspiciously. With the first heave there came shouts and oaths and cries of alarm from those within. Then arose a crashing of glass; the table was cast aside; the threatened clerks and judges fought their passage through door and window.

In the rush and scamper of it, a sharp hand seized the ballot-box. Ten minutes the riot raged. It was calmed by Big Kennedy, who threw himself into the middle of the tumult, hurling men right and left with his powerful hands as though they were sacks of bran, while he commanded the peace in a voice like the roar of a lion.

Peace fell; the little building settled to a decorous safe solidity; the judges and the clerks returned; the restored ballot-box again occupied the table.

As that active one who had saved the ballot-box when the downfall of the building seemed threatened came edgewise through the throng, he passed close to Big Kennedy. The latter gave him a sharp glance of inquiry.

"I stuffed it full to the cover," whispered the active one. "We win four to one, an' you can put down your money on that!"

Big Kennedy nodded, and the zealot who saved the ballot-box passed on and disappeared.

The reputable old gentleman was going about denouncing the affair as a cover to stuff the ballot-box when a hulking creature of a rough struck him from behind with a sandbag. I sprang forward and fended away a second blow with my left arm. As I did so I struck the rough on the jaw with such vengeful force that not only did he drop like some pole-axed ox, but my right hand was fairly wrecked thereby.

The reputable old gentleman had come by no serious harm; he was a little stunned and his hat was broken. With me to hold him up he could stand on his feet, though dazed and addled from the dull power of the blow.

A carriage came at my signal, and I placed the reputable old gentleman inside and told the driver to take him to his home.

"So you saved the old gentleman?" said Big Kennedy with a smile as he came toward me. "Gratitude, I s'ppose, because he stood pal to you ag'inst Sheeny Joe that time. Gratitude! You'll get over that in time," and Big Kennedy shook his head as one who dwells upon another's weakness. "That was Jimmy the Blacksmith you smashed. You'd better look out for him after this."

My dander was still on end and I intimated a readiness to look out for Jimmy the Blacksmith at once.

"Mind your back now!" cautioned Big Kennedy, "and don't go to gettin' it up. Let things go as they lay. Never fight till you have to, an' never fight for fun. Don't go lookin' for the Blacksmith until you hear he's out lookin' for you." Then, as changing the subject: "It's been a great day, an' everything run off smooth an' sure. Now let's go back an' watch 'em count the votes."

"Did we beat them?" I asked.

"Snowed 'em under!" said Big Kennedy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LITTLE BEARS

(Concluded from Page 3)

increased over thirty-five per cent., and the bulk of this increase was in the Southern, Middle and Western States. In March, 1900, we had 3617 national banks. On August 1 there were 5044, an increase of 1427—a growth without precedent. Of this number 354 were organized in the Western States, 195 in the Southern States, 503 in the Middle States, and 64 on the Pacific Coast. What this means in the way of undermining the hold Wall Street formerly had on the country may easily be appreciated. Among other things the organization of these new banks has increased the money in circulation by $161,000,000, all of it available to the local farmers and business men.

There have been other causes besides these to take away from Wall Street its power to make mischief in the country. Where a great deal of our raw materials went to waste a few years ago practically everything up to ninety-five per cent. is now worked up as by-product. There was a time when crude petroleum yielded nothing but a comparatively small quantity of illuminating oil. Now the petroleum refuse that was formerly thrown away is more profitable than the oil. Beeves and hogs are worked up so that not a hair goes to waste. We have learned to make steel as cheaply as we made pig iron. As a consequence of this constantly growing economy in production, the values of our manufactures are increasing at the rate of nearly a billion dollars a year. And the wages are going up proportionately. It is estimated that last year the wage increase amounted to well over two hundred million dollars. In railroading alone, it is stated by competent authority that there has been an increase of a hundred million dollars in wages for the fiscal year ending in June, 1903.

All these items have contributed to bring about the situation that leaves investment money outside of New York. This is so well recognized that many New York banks and security houses no longer depend for their market on the Stock Exchange. Instead, they go to the newspapers and magazines that reach the masses outside, and advertise in them the securities they have to sell. And not content with this, they have adopted still other measures to market their wares. Every Monday morning a score or more of agents representing the leading financial houses of the Metropolis start out on tours through New England, Pennsylvania and New York State. Their mission is to sell bonds and stocks controlled by their principals as other drummers sell dry goods or boots and shoes. They carry samples and book orders. They make all the smaller cities and manufacturing towns. Some of the New York houses send these traveling agents as far West as Ohio and Illinois and some go even beyond. For the most part, however, the territory is divided so that the Chicago banks handle the country contiguous to their own city, and the banks in the other large centres look after the territory in similar fashion.

Is it any wonder that the power of Wall Street should have passed, that a quarrel between Mr. Morgan and Mr. Harriman, between Mr. Keene and Mr. Whitney, or between Mr. Rockefeller and the rest of the heavyweights should no longer exercise much influence on the rest of the country? True, Mr. Rockefeller is in a position, thanks to his enormous fortune, to hold up and dominate any single institution or individual, but when it comes to the country at large, even he is small potatoes. As for the Wall Street brokers they will never again be taken seriously unless there should be a change in conditions that cannot now be foreseen. The sphere of their influence is being steadily contracted and the chances are that the period of speculative gambling on which they have fattened in the past has reached its zenith.

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A Summer Girl

surprised us the other day by saying that of all the brushes we made she liked the round pattern the best, as it is light, has a short handle and stiff, penetrating bristles, which is just the kind for use with a heavy growth of long hair. We were thinking of men with football heads when we put it in our stock, but it certainly does take up little room in a travelling bag and serves the purpose of both brush and comb and yet looks dainty on a dressing table.

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ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
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The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

The President's Daughter

(Continued from Page 11)

minutes together. Even Marie, the one friend he thought he had in the family, was against them, and her father was deaf to every appeal.

They parted anxious and depressed with only a hand pressure, a look and a whisper of constancy. At midnight, as Glover lay thinking, a crew caller rapped at his door. He brought a message and held his electric pocket-lamp near while Glover, without getting up, read the telegram. It was from Bucks, asking if he could take a rotary at once into the Heart Mountains.

Glover knew snow had been falling steadily on the main line for two days. East of the middle range it was nothing but extreme cold, west it had been one long storm. Morris Blood was at Goose River. The message was not an order; but there was no one else on the division available at the moment that could handle safely such a battery of engines as would be needed to bore the drifts west of the sheds. Moreover, Glover knew how Bucks had been chafing over the conditions that kept the directors on his hands. They were impatient to get to the coast and the general manager was anxious to be rid of them as soon as there should be some certainty of getting them safely over the mountains.

Glover scrawled a note on the back of the telegram to Crosby, the master mechanic, and turned over, not to sleep but to think—and to think, not of the work before him, but of her and of her situation. A roundhouse caller roused him at three-thirty o'clock with word that the snow battery was marked up for four o'clock. He rose, dressed deliberately and carefully for the exposure ahead, and sat down before a candle to tell Gertrude in a note when he hoped to be back. Locking his trunk when he had done, he snuffed out the candle and closed his room door behind him. The hall was dark, but he knew its turns and the carpeted stairs gave no sound as he walked down. At the second floor there were two ways by which he could descend. He looked up the dim corridor toward where she slept; somehow he could not make up his mind to leave without passing her room.

His heavy tread was noiseless. At her door he paused and put his hand uncertainly upon the casing. In the darkness his head bent an instant on his outstretched arm—it had never before been hard to go; then he turned and walked softly away.

At the breakfast-table and at the dinner-table the talk was of the snow. The evening paper contained a column of dispatches concerning the blockade, now serious, in the eighth district. Half the first page was given to alarming reports from the cattle-ranges. Two mail-carriers were reported lost in the Sweetgrass country; and a ski-runner from Fort Steadman, which had been cut off for eight days, told of thirty-five feet of snow in the Whitewater hills. Sleepy Cat reported eighteen inches of fresh snow, and a second delayed dispatch under the same date-line reported that a bucking special from Medicine Bend composed of a rotary, a flanger and five locomotives had passed that point at 9 A. M. for the eighth district.

Gertrude found no interest in the news or the discussion. She could only wonder why she did not see Glover during the day and when he made no appearance at dinner she grew sick with uncertainty. Leaving the dining-room ahead of the party in some vague hope of seeing him, Solomon hurried up with the note that Glover had left to be given her in the morning. The boy had gone off duty before she left her room and had overslept, but instead of waiting for his apologies she hastened upstairs and locked her door to devour her lover's words. She saw that he had written her in the dead of night to explain his going and to say good-by. Bucks' message he had inclosed. "But I shall work very hard every hour I am gone to get back the sooner," he promised, "and if you hear of snow flying over the peaks on the West End you will know that I am behind it and headed straight for you."

When Marie and Mrs. Whitney came up, Gertrude sat calmly before the grate fire; but the note lay hidden over her heart, for in it he had whispered that while away, every night at eight o'clock and every morning, no matter where she should be or what doing, he should kiss her lips and her eyes as he had kissed them that first morning in the dark, warm office. When eight o'clock came

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her aunt and her sister sat with her; but Gertrude at eight o'clock, musing, was with her lover, and her lips and eyes again were his, to do with what he would. Later Doctor Lanning came in and she roused to hear the news about the snow. Between Sleepy Cat and Bear Dance two passenger trains were stalled and on Blackbird hill the snow was reported four feet deep on the level.

When the doctor had gone and Marie had retired, Gertrude's aunt talked to her seriously about her father, whose almost frantic condition over what he called Gertrude's infatuation was alarming her.

Her aunt explained how her final refusal of Allen Harrison, a connection on which her father had set his heart, might result in the total disruption of the plans which held such mighty interests together; and how impossible it was that he should ever consent to her throwing herself away on an obscure Western man—out of her circle, her class, without money or family.

Only occasionally would Gertrude interrupt. "Don't strip the poor man of everything, auntie. If it must come to family—the De Gallons and Cirodes and Glovers were lords of the Mississippi when our Hessian forefathers were hiding from Washington in the Trenton hazel-bushes."

She could meet her aunt's fears with jests and her tears with smiles until the worried lady chancing on a deeper chord disarmed her. "You know you are my pet, Gertrude. I am your foster-mother, dear, and I have tried to be mother to you and Marie and sister to my brother every day of my life since your mother died. And if you——"

Then Gertrude's arms would enfold her and her head hide on her aunt's shoulder and they would part utterly miserable.

One morning when she woke it was snowing and Medicine Bend was cut completely off from the western end of the division. The cold in the desert district had made it impossible to move freight. During the night they had been snowed in on sidings all the way from Sleepy Cat east. By night every wire was down; the last message in was a private one from Glover, with the plows, dated at Nine Mile.

Solomon brought the telegram up to Gertrude with the intimation that, confidentially, Mr. Blood's assistant, in charge of the Wickiup, would be glad to hear any news it might contain about the blockade, as communication was now cut entirely off.

Gertrude told the messenger only that she understood the blockade in the eighth district had been lifted and that the plows were headed east. Then, as the lad looked wonderingly at her, she started. "Have I," she asked herself, "already become a part of his life, that they come to me for information?" But she did not add that the signer of the message had promised to be with her in twenty-four hours.

That day, for the first time in eighteen years, no trains ran in or out of Medicine Bend and an entire regiment of cavalry bound for the Philippines was known to be buried in a snowdrift near San Pete. The hotel swarmed with snowbound travelers. The snow fell all day, but to Gertrude's relief her father and the men of the party were at the Wickiup with Bucks, who had come in during the night with reinforcements from McCloud. Unfortunately, the batteries that followed him were compelled to double about next morning to open the line back across the plains.

The gravity of the situation about her, the spectacle of the struggle, now vast and all-absorbing, made by the operating department to cope with the storm and cold, and the anxieties of her own position, plunged Gertrude into a gloom she had never thought existed in this world. Her aunt's forebodings and tears, her father's unbending silence and aloofness, made escape from her depression impossible. When Solomon appeared she besought him surreptitiously for news, but though Solomon fairly staggered with the responsibilities of his position he could supply nothing beyond rumors—rumors all tending to magnify the reliance placed on Glover's capabilities in stress of this sort, but not at the moment definitely locating him.

Next morning the creeping eastern light had not yet entered her room when a timid rap aroused her. Solomon was outside the door with news. "The plows will be here in an hour," he whispered.

"The plows?"

Solomon couldn't resist the soft appeal for more definite word. He had no information more than he had given but he bravely journalized. "Mr. Glover and everybody, ma'am."

"Oh, thank you, Solomon."

The Man and the Machine.

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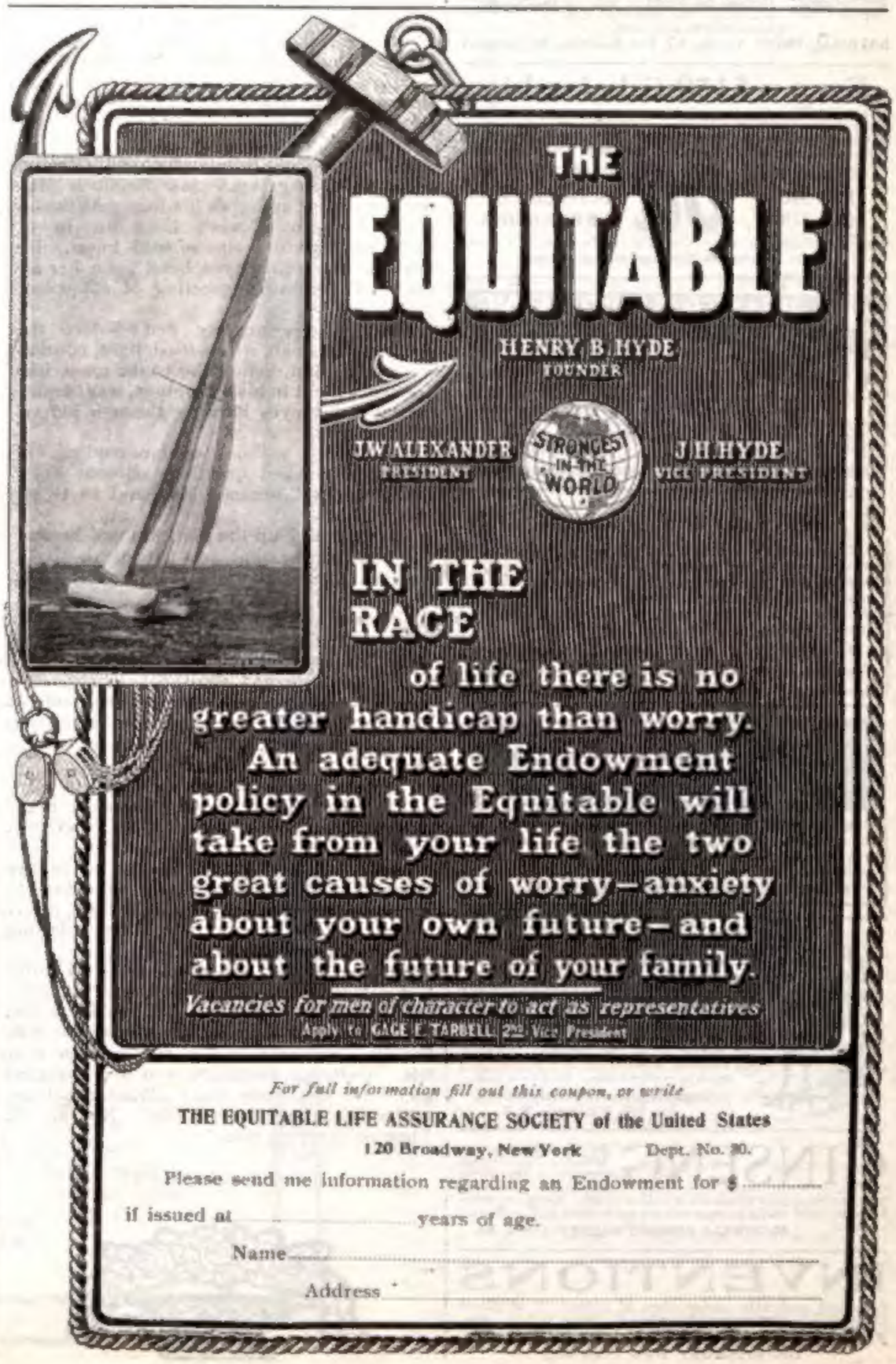
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She rose with wings beating love across the miles that separated him from her. Day with its perplexities may beset, the stars bring sometimes only grief; but to lovers morning brings always joy because it brings hope. She detained Solomon a moment. A resolve fixed itself at once in her heart—to greet her lover the instant he arrived. She could dress and slip down to the station and back before the others awoke even. It was hazardous, but what venture is less attractive for a hazard if it bring a lover? She made her rapid toilet with affection in her supple fingers and welcome glowing in her quick eyes and she left her room with the utmost care.

Enveloped in the Newmarket, because he loved it, her hands in her big muff and her cheeks closely veiled, she joined Solomon in the reception-room downstairs.

The morning was gray with a snow-fog hanging low and feathery flakes still sinking upon the whitened street. "Listen!" cried the boy excitedly as they neared the Wickiup. From somewhere in the sky came the faint scream of a locomotive whistle. "That's them, all right. Gee! I'd like to buck snow."

"Should you?"

"Would I? Wouldn't you?"

A hundred men were strung along the platform and a sharper blast echoed across the upper flat. "There they are!" cried Solomon, pressing forward. Gertrude saw a huge snow-covered monster swing heavily around the yard hill. The plows were at hand. The head engine whistled again and those in the battery took up the signal, and, heeled in snow and ice, they bore down on the Wickiup whistling a chorus. Before the long battery had halted, the men about Gertrude were running toward the cabs cheering. Many men poured out of the battered ice-bound cars at the end of the string. While Gertrude's eyes strained with expectation a collie dog shot headlong from the steps of the hind caboose to the platform and wheeling barked madly until, last of three men, Glover carrying his little bag swung down and, listening to his companions, walked leisurely forward.

Swayed by the excitement all about her which she did not fully understand, Gertrude with swimming eyes saw Solomon dash toward Glover and grab his bag. As the boy spoke she saw Glover's head lift in the deliberate surprise she so well knew. She felt his wandering eyes bend upon her and his hand rose in a greeting of suppressed joyfulness.

Doubt, care, anxiety fled before that gesture. Stumah, wild with delight, bounded toward her and, before she could greet him, Glover, a giant in his wrappings, was bending over her, his eyes burning through her veil into her own.

She heard, without comprehending, his words; she asked questions without knowing she asked, because his hand so tightly clasped hers.

They walked up the platform and he stopped but once; that was to speak to the snugly-clad man that got down from the head engine.

Gertrude recognized the good-natured profile under the long cap; Paddy McGraw lifted his visor as she advanced and with a happy laugh greeted him.

Smiling at her welcome, he drew off his glove and took from an inner pocket her ring and held it out on his hand. "I am taking good care of my souvenir."

"I hope you are taking good care of yourself," Gertrude responded, "because every time I ride in the mountains, Mr. McGraw, I want you for engineer."

Glover was saying something to her as they turned away together but she gave no heed to his meaning. She caught only the low, pretty uncertainty in his utterance, the unfailing little break that she loved in his tone.

He was saying, "Yes—some of it thirty feet. Morris Blood is tunneling on the Pilot branch this morning; it's bad up there, but the main line is clear from end to end. Surely, you never looked so sweet in your life. Gertrude, Gertrude, you're a beautiful girl. Do you know that? What are those fellows shouting about? Me? Not at all. They're cheering you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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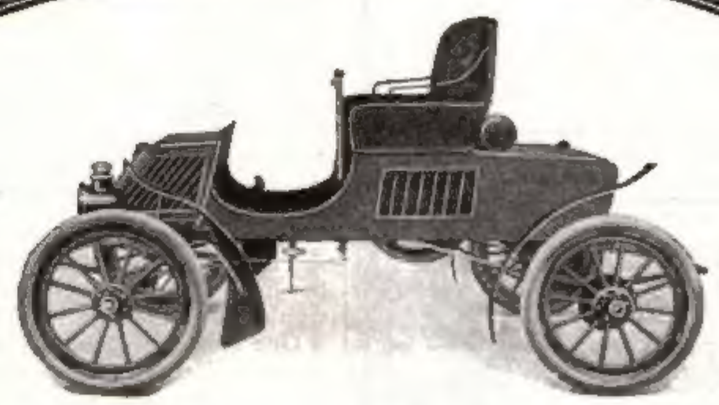

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